

# FRANK LESLIE'S NEWSPAPER



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NEW YORK, JULY 15, 1865.

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12 WEEKS \$1 0

## THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.

The magnificent enterprise of extending telegraphic communication across the Atlantic Ocean bids fair to be completed very soon. The public will remember the previous attempt, which, after a brief and partial success, resulted so unfortunately. This time additional skill has been brought into operation, and the experience of the past is expected to lead the way to success.

On the morning of June the 1st, the scientific corps, chosen to select a site for the British terminus of the great cable, left London for Valentia bay, on the west coast of Ireland. The corps consists of the Hon. Cyrus W.

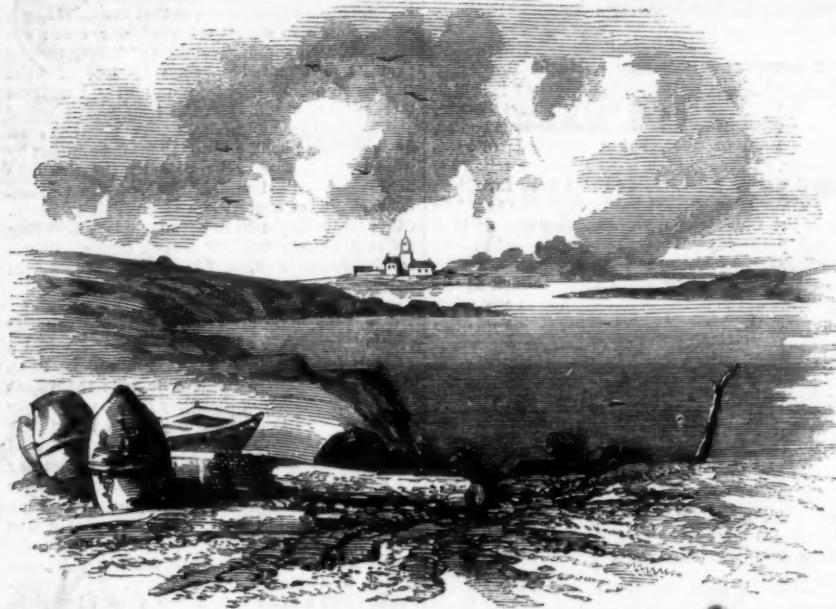
Field, of New York, on behalf of the Atlantic Telegraph Company; Mr. C. F. Varley, Assistant Electrician to the same company; Mr. John Tremble, Engineer to the Telegraph and Maintenance Company; Mr. B. Dawson Wardlock, Superintendent in Ireland of the Atlantic Telegraph Company; Mr. W. T. Ansell, Superintendent Engineer and Inspector to the International Electric Telegraph Company; the Knight of Kerry, a gentleman who has taken great interest in the project; and our Special Artist, with one or two newspaper correspondents. The party passed through the counties of Dublin, Kildare, Kings, Queens, Kilkenny, Tipperary, Limerick,

Waterford and Cork, and passed the beautiful lakes of Killarney, reaching Reenard Point, extending into the harbor of Valentia, at eleven o'clock at night. Douglas bay, the place where the shore end of the cable of 1858 was fastened, is near this place. Knightstown, Valentia island, is selected for the place on this occasion, a pretty little village, cosily resting at the foot of huge cliffs on the shore.

We present this week some spirited sketches by our Special Artist, who was present during this trip, and will sail on the Great Eastern to witness the laying of the cable.

## THE CORPUS CHRISTI CELEBRATION.

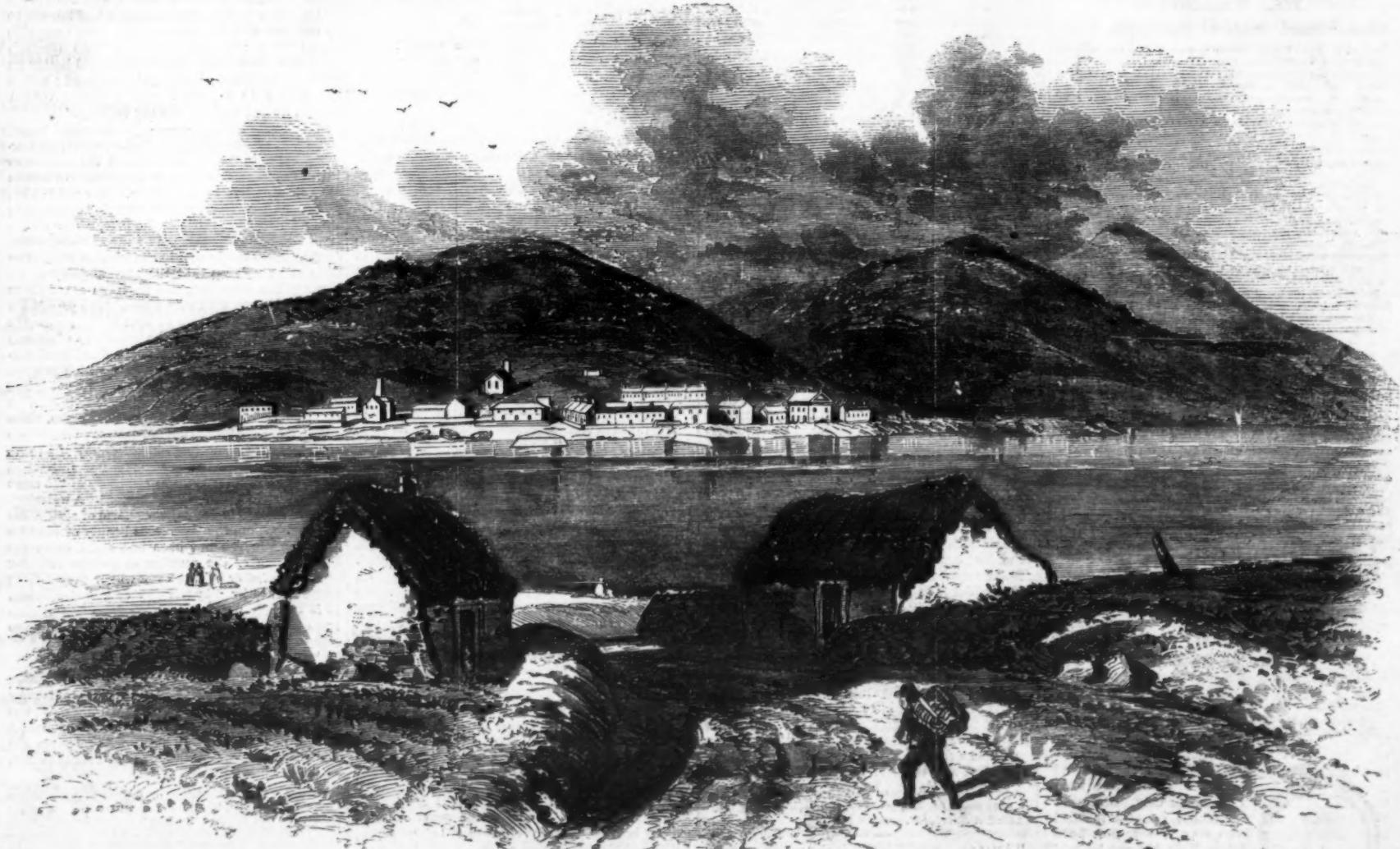
To the active, bustling American, French Canada is but a part of Europe of the middle ages. Its clergy, its convents, hospitals, its social life, its content and freedom from ambition, are points worthy of study. Among the objects most striking to an American is the Corpus Christi celebration which took place this year in Quebec, on the 11th of June. The procession formed to commemorate the burial of Christ commenced to move early in the morning from the



THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.—DOULAS BAY, NEAR VALENTIA, IRELAND, WHERE THE SHORE END OF THE CABLE OF 1858 WAS LANDED.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. BECKER.



THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.—THE TELEGRAPH COMPANY'S OFFICE, KNIGHTSTOWN, VALENTIA, IRELAND, IN 1865.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. BECKER.



THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.—VIEW OF KNIGHTSTOWN, FORMERLY CALLED VALENTIA, IRELAND, THE TERMINUS OF THE CABLE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. BECKER.

parish church, and wended its way through the principal thoroughfares of the city. Triumphal arches were raised along the route, and trees were planted to shade the streets through which the procession passed. The colleges, with their faculties and students, the sisterhood in their curious dresses, with their pupiles—all bearing appropriate banners, and sometimes a regiment of British regulars lead the line. The Host was borne beneath a rich canopy by the bishop or some high dignitary in a cope of cloth of gold, with a priest on either hand in a rich chasuble. Other priests in chasubles of rich stuff, or simple surplices, precede, and a band of young acolytes in gay satin cassocks, with flags, censers and baskets of flowers, turned from time to time, and while the flags were bowed in respect, the censers were swung and flowers were thrown in the air. The most Rev. Peter Flavian Turgeon, D. D., of Quebec, whose portrait we present to our readers in this present number, presided over the Corpus Christi ceremonies this year.

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FRANK LESLIE'S

### ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, 537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JULY 15, 1865.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl street, New York.

THE trial of the conspirators in Washington, at the time we write, has been concluded. As regards Atzerott, his counsel presented a statement or confession, setting forth that he had conspired with Booth, but had not done what was assigned to him to do, namely, to murder Vice-president Johnson. His counsel insisted that having committed no overt act, nor been a criminal except in intent, he could not be held accountable before the law. He claimed, in his

behalf, that he was a low, cowardly wretch, promising great things and keeping himself up with stimulants, but when the hour to strike arrived, shrinking away, and leaving his accomplices to their fate. If this plea, in its technicalities, shall save the scoundrel, then we may relinquish our native ideas of justice. We believe, however, as conspiracy to defraud is a punishable offence, conspiracy to murder must have its penalty. The plea in behalf of Harold was substantially the same, viz.; that he did nothing beyond helping Booth to escape. It is not denied that he was privy to the plot. The most extraordinary plea, however, is that offered in behalf of Payne, whose real name is Powell, the man who made the assault on Mr. Seward. His guilt is too obvious to be denied, and his counsel is compelled to excuse him on the ground that his conduct was only a consequence of his education and associations—that although the son of a clergyman, the standard of morality in Florida, the result of the slave system, is such that murder is regarded only as a venal offence in general, and sometimes a duty! The customs of the South, "the barbarism of slavery," had made the prisoner a murderer, and therefore he was not accountable for the attempt to kill Mr. Seward. The reasons given by the counsel for stating that the accused had been thus educated, by the unavoidable influence of Southern social habits, are of the most cogent character. He says, among other things, that "Payne was trained in a slave community, where it was the custom to defend the institution of slavery in meeting-houses, at political gatherings and in family places, where it was the practice to *whip and burn men* who preached against the institution, and to hunt fugitives with bloodhounds, and also those who helped them to freedom."

This arraignment of Southern society is unquestionably true—although it is a poor defence for Payne—and enforces the absolute necessity, for the safety of Northern communities, that the system producing such educational effects, should be eradicated from every state of the South. No vestige of it should be left, either in statute or constitution. Nowhere else could such a defence for crime be urged with any show of reason.

THE views of Mr. Lincoln upon the questions before the country must have, and deservedly, a solemn weight. Upon the reorganization of Louisiana, he wrote to Hon. Michael Hahn, then elected Governor, as follows:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,  
WASHINGTON, March 12, 1864.

HON. MICHAEL HAHN:  
My dear Sir—I congratulate you on having fixed your name in history as the first free State Governor of Louisiana, now you are about to have a commission which, among other things, will probably define the elective franchise.

I rarely suggest, for your private consideration, whether some of the colored people may not be let in, as, for instance, the very intelligent, and especially those who have fought gallantly in our ranks. They would probably help in some trying time to come to keep the jewel of liberty in the family of freedom. But this is only a suggestion, not to the public, but to you alone.

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

The hint, or suggestion, was not overlooked in forming the constitution of Louisiana, for that instrument, besides decreeing instantaneous, uncompensated emancipation, provided for the education of all children, without distinction of color; for the enrolment of all men, white and black, in the militia; and invested the legislature with power to extend to the colored man the highest privilege of citizenship.

Next to the views of the late President, those of Gen. Grant must have most weight in the country. According to the Chicago Tribune, he thinks that it is too soon to declare that the loyal blacks in the South shall not be allowed to vote. Aside from the abstract right and the legal problem of what authority can confer or withhold the franchise—whether it be Congress or the States—the question may assume the shape of a political necessity.

The government and people may have to choose between keeping a standing army of 100,000 men at an expense of \$100,000,000 a year to the taxpayers, to support the white minority in the South against the white rebel majority, or of enfranchising the blacks, and thereby enabling them to support the white loyalists. Gen. Grant foresees that the suffrage question may take this form.

AT the very moment the New York correspondent of the London Times was extolling to that journal, the ability of Kirby Smith to prolong the war in Texas for years, and perhaps carry a raid into New England, this wonderful general, with his ability, for the first discovered by this voracious correspondent, was absolutely without an army at all. His "150,000 men," of whom the Times correspondent made such parade, had absolutely dissolved, without waiting for the action of their general, leaving him literally "alone in his glory." The London Spectator pertinently inquires, "how much the statements of this correspondent had cost the London merchants and operators" who pin their faith on the statements of the Times and act under their influence?" We hope they have suffered roundly. It may cure them of their absurd confidence in "the leading organ."

THE American Republic, which was supposed to be absorbed in trade and agriculture, enervated by wealth and prosperity, incapable of the efforts and sacrifices which are required for war—this republic has already shown itself upon battlefields, the rival of the republics of Rome and Greece. Like the Greek republics, it has already had its two Servile wars—its Persian and its Peloponnesian war. The war of 1776 to 1783, which created its nationality, and the war 1861 to 1865, which has put an end to slavery, has engraved its name in the first class among the records of martial glory.

—London Spectator.

"AMALGAMATION!"—This is the appalling word with which every step towards investing the negro

with civil rights is met, and supposed to be utterly confounded. And that, too, in face of the fact, that about all the mixing of the blood of the black and white races has occurred in the South, and was the direct consequence of the relations of those races as fixed by slavery. Few white men in India marry natives, and in a hundred years only one white woman is known to have done so; but the two races possess absolutely equal privileges; the feeble can neither be struck, nor robbed, nor interfered with in any way whatever. If it is in him to get to the top he gets to the top, and the native member of council takes precedence of the highest white in the empire not belonging to that body.

A CERTAIN Dr. Smith, of England, has just published a "Practical Dietary," which we are sure, will secure for him a monument, to be raised by penny contributions from the great fraternity of schoolboys. For these, he says, four meals should be provided daily, and at two at least of these half a pint of milk should be given to each child, with unlimited bread and butter. The dinner should consist of hot fresh meat, with soup or broth when the meat is boiled. "The quantity of meat should be unlimited, and, in order that the pupils may be encouraged to ask again, it is better, in large schools, that separate joints be distributed over the table, so that one shall be near each knot of pupils, and each pupil be specially invited to ask for a separate supply." Besides this, there should be plenty of fresh vegetables and a constant variety of puddings! With such diet assured, one might not object to be "a boy again."

HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.—The South Carolina delegation, which recently waited on the President, to discuss the subject of "reconstruction," very modestly asked that the government should redeem the confederate bonds proper, which amount, according to their calculation, to about two hundred million dollars.

A NEW English astronomer, Mr. R. Proctor, of St. John's College, Cambridge, who has just published an elaborate book on the planet Saturn, believes Saturn's rings to be not continuous bodies, either solid or fluid, but a multitude of loose planets, grouped like a bead necklace round his equatorial regions, just as if we were furnished not with one moon, but as many moons as would span the whole earth. Mr. Proctor asserts that this hypothesis explains more completely the whole phenomena of the case than any other. This supposition somehow gives a larger idea of the opulence of the universe in worlds than any other known fact. To have such a multitude of little worlds strung close together round one planet produces (illogically enough) a more vivid impression on the mind than many times the same number of fixed stars distributed over the infinitude of space.

THE hatred of the mass of the Southern people, and of most persons naturalized here, towards the negro is pale by the side of the hatred once borne by all Europe towards the Jew, for it has not, as that had, the support of a religious instinct. It is not a hundred years since, in any country of Europe, a taint of Jewish blood would have been considered a disgrace, and to-day there is not a free country in Europe, except Spain, in which men of that blood are not eagerly chosen as representatives of the people; in Austria, Prussia and France the special Jewish intellect exercises a marked effect on politics.

NOW that slavery is dead, if the negro be not industrious, or accumulating, or inventive, then he ought not to have, and certainly will not have, the social respect he desires, any more than a similarly disqualified white man. He must find his place for himself, and, provided that the law protects him, has no more right to complain of the social disadvantage of color than of the social disadvantage of short stature. All he can ask, or a white man can ask, is a clear field and no favor, and that once obtained he must reach his goal for himself. But he must be protected by the law, and not be debarred, as he is by the new constitution of Tennessee, from giving his testimony in courts of law against a white man. Juries will not be apt to give undue weight to a black man's testimony. The danger would all be the other way.

THE finances of France are in a bad way. The expenditures, under the empire, have risen \$150,000,000 per annum, while its income has increased only \$70,000,000. There is now an annual deficit of \$30,000,000.

A CANADIAN correspondent of the Tribune says, in a recent letter: "I cannot avoid a sentence in the interest of manifest destiny. Before this visit I neither thought or cared much about Canadian annexation, but I now see it plainly written in the sky. Public sentiment here is rapidly crystallizing in its favor, and a few years will give us the peaceful command of the magnificent valley of the St. Lawrence, with the North Pole for our boundary. The prize is not to be sneered at; a great country, vast lakes and forests, immense mines of copper and lead on Lake Superior, and of gold near Quebec; no European cruisers on the great lakes.

THE late English papers bring us the news of the death of Sir Henry Dymoke, the "Queen's Champion." The duty of the champion is this—At the coronation banquet, armed cap-a-pie, he is to ride up Westminster Hall, while the sovereign is feasting there, and by proclamation of herald throw down his challenge to the whole world. The challenge given is to this effect: "If any man denies the monarch's title to the crown of the three realms, he (the champion) is ready to give him battle, and defend the royal claim in single combat." The challenge being given, which, of course, is now a more formal, the sovereign drinks to his champion, and sends him a

golden goblet full of wine. The champion drains the wine, and keeps the goblet as his personal fee. The championship now falls to a clergyman, Rev. John Dymoke, who will be the eighteenth of of the name who has borne the somewhat supererogatory office, since 1377. The last time the champion was called in "to perform" was at the coronation of George IV. in 1821.

THE World's Fair for 1867 is to be held in Paris, where a building will be erected capable of holding 200,000 persons. It is to be in the shape of a classical amphitheatre, but will be only one story in height. The adoption of this form of structure is expected to secure a proper distribution of light and air throughout the whole of the interior, besides enabling objects to be rendered visible from any point of view. The estimated cost of the building is about \$4,000,000.

THE old-fashioned plan of presenting everybody to everybody at dinner is quite gone out, but a judicious hostess never omits the opportunity of a special introduction where two people are likely to be interested in each other—if they have friends in the same state or city, or are interested in the same objects; in fact a very little thing is considered reason enough for an introduction.

A PECULIAR work shortly to be published in Paris is one on "literary frauds," which will embrace all the French writers who have published works under assumed names, viz., anagrams, asterisks, cryptonyms, initials, literary names, facetious or odd pseudonyms (whether discovered or not), apocryphal and supposed authors, plagiarists, and unfaithful publishers, during the last four centuries. No less than 50,000 titles are quoted.

A DAILY contemporary, after an elaborate calculation, reaches the conclusion that the total losses of the South in consequence of war reach five thousand eight hundred millions of dollars, namely twenty-five hundred millions by loss of what was called slave property, nine hundred millions by ravages of war, nine hundred millions by loss of staple crops, five hundred millions of property sunk in Confederate debt, and one thousand millions by what must hereafter be paid by the South to liquidate principal and interest of the national debt. This, of course, is a very rough estimate. Other items might have been included, involving indirect, though not less certain losses. Rough as the estimate is, it falls short of the actual truth.

GEN. JEFF. THOMSON, one of the most active of rebel officers, west of the Mississippi, has had a good deal of sound sense beaten into him. In an address to his late soldiers he tells them that there is no mistaking that they have been "badly whipped," and that when they reach home they had better behave themselves in a civil and orderly manner. He says, "the less you say about politics until you get naturalised, the better for you. Some of them he adds, "have been very good soldiers, but there are many others who have forgotten the laws of God, the laws of man, and the laws of war, and they, of course, cannot expect to live in Missouri in peace. All who cannot or will not be submissive, should leave the United States as soon as possible." Finally he submits this very good advice: "Let each man determine when he leaves this place, that he will go to his home, there to remain, and work night and day to repair the damage that has been done by the war, and never go off his farm except to go to mill; and if there be private quarrels between himself and neighbors, he had better go pack up, and hunt another neighborhood; and, if not willing to submit the laws of the United States, he had better leave the country."

THERE is no country in which the want of harmony between the inhabitants and the place they inhabit is more felt than in America. In former times it may not have been so. The red Indian, and even the trapper, were thoroughly appropriate to the boundless prairie or the lake, whose shores have not yet been profaned by the axe of the immigrant. But the trapper in the western states now feels at every step that the natural glory of the country has departed, and no fresh associations have yet grown up in its place. The population is merely a continuation of that which swarms in New York, or possibly of the peasantry of Galway or the Black Forest. It seems to stand in no particular relation to the country in which it lives. The beauty of the virgin prairie is gone; it is half broken up into small agricultural holdings, or defiled by gigantic but still embryo cities. You rush out of a disfigured but not destroyed forest into the streets of some huge hobbledehoy of a town. You have neither wild country nor full-grown civilization in its place. The scenery of the more settled districts is even more injured. A watering-place is enough to destroy the charm of almost any scenery. Even the marvelous beauty of Niagara—a beauty which has been lost sight of in the computation of the number of gallons of water and the number of feet over which they fall—is almost neutralized by the row of monster hotels. It is scarcely possible to issue from the sitting-room of a gigantic inn in a fit state of mind to enjoy the beauties of nature.

On the 16th of February, 1864, the following resolution was presented to the rebel Congress by Mr. Curry, of Alabama. Whether it was adopted or not we do not know, but it was made a special order for secret session. It derives importance chiefly from the light of recent events, and is as follows:

"Resolved by the House of Representatives of the Confederate States, the Senate concurring, That we do adhere to our opinion that the so-called Emancipation proclamation of the President of the United States, and the enlistment of negro slaves in several Federal armies now opposed to us, are not among the acts of legitimate warfare, but are properly classed among such acts as

the right to put to death prisoners of war without special cause, the right to use poisoned weapons and the right to assassinate, and if persisted in will justify the government in the adoption of measures of retaliation."

## BOOK NOTICES, ETC.

MILDRED ARKELL. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers.

These publishers have issued a new work by Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynn," &c. The work is highly spoken of by the reading public.

## TOWN GOSSIP.

HEAT, which has a host of disadvantages, has this one recommendation: it makes the readers of newspapers mercifully-disposed (from experience of their own necessary short-comings) towards the warm-weather infirmities of editors, reporters, &c &c &c. The man knows full well that he escapes as soon as possible from the "office" and seeks his "country" residence; the woman is conscious that she endangers with all her might to do nothing—and generally succeeds in her attempt. Consequently, possessed of this consciousness, certainly neither the bearded nor the crinolined sex can have the bad heart to demand, in July, those elaborate articles which charm them in their papers so appropriately in December. Taking, then, the advantage of the season, we will follow in this *resumé* the advice of the immortal William—"Brief let me be!"

Outside of the heat there is not much to record. The great Assassination trial is over, much to the relief of everybody, saving very possibly the criminals themselves. President Johnson ardently devotes himself to reconstruction, while those who luckily are not preachers as zealous devote themselves to recreation.

Some speculative individuals intend to create on the banks of the North river, a sort of fairy garden, which shall combine the principle *al fresco* delights. These establishments have been common in England for the last 150 years, under the names of Ranelagh, Vauxhall, Surrey Zoological and Cromwell Gardens. At these summer resorts there were music, concerts, dancing, ballets and theatrical performances, besides supper-rooms, and rustic bowers, where wine and refreshments were served by civil ganymedes. If such a mixed Arcadia is planted in our great city, the danger will be the irritation of those disturbers of all such places—the rowdies—a class which is never allowed to disturb in London the places we have named. Our police, however, is now becoming so efficient that even this turbulent element may be kept in *terrorem*. Vauxhall, on the banks of the Thames, about five miles above London Bridge, was, for nearly a century, the evening resort of all classes of English society, from the Prince of Wales to the costermonger in his holiday clothes. Quite a fairy scene appears when the boughs of the shady walks are hung with variegated lamps and Chinese lanterns.

As for business, there is none, saving in the ice-cream line and soda-water department—always including the Teutonic lager beer element. Fans sell well, we are told, and straw hats ditto. The city railroads drive a good trade, and the hack-drivers continue to turn an honest penny. But all our merchants and leading professional men have "vanished"—you will find them all over the world, saving New York; yet Broadway is full—full to overflowing; with city clerks and country cousins—God bless them—we mean the cousins; and the theatre managers doubtless re-echo our benediction, for were it not for our country cousins not a theatrical establishment in the city could sustain itself a week; but as it is they are all in a full tide of prosperity and perspiration. Oliver Twist suffers nightly at Wallack's; Jessie Brown suffers ditto at Mrs. Wood's; Miss Hosmer is pathetic at the Winter Garden; Maggie Mitchell goes "barefoot" at Niblo's; Mr. and Mrs. Watkins are at the Broadway, and we are at the end of our—Town Gossip.

## THE PROFITS OF PETROLEUM.

The "Petroleum fever," as an epidemic, is over, and every one who has the development of this great department of national wealth at heart, is glad of it. The sooner the bubble companies explode, and the sooner the petroleum business comes to be managed as all other legitimate kinds of business are managed, the better. Already several bubble companies have been punctured with the legal needle, and collapsed. But of the fact of the existence of great petroleum wealth, and of the fact that petroleum stands next to gold in its contribution to the aggregate wealth of the country, derived from mining, there is no doubt. It has made whole districts and numberless individuals rich, and will continue to do so. The day for mere speculators, however, is over. They have realised all the piles they can expect to reach through the public credulity, well manipulated with flaming prospectuses. It is now a question of digging, and the straightforward digger, guided by fair intelligence, is pretty sure to achieve his object.

The oil business, which was very much depressed by the floods of last spring, which filled up the wells and the great fissures in the rock in which the oil collects, is now reviving. Wells that were supposed to be utterly ruined are yielding again, since the water has been pumped out. New wells are going down in all directions, and within a few days a large number have "struck oil." On a single creek we hear of three, of a yield of 150, 400 and 900 barrels per day! One well has changed from pure water to over 200 barrels of oil per day! Illuminating oil is now worth from \$6 to \$7 per barrel, and lubricating oil as high as \$30. A 5-barrel well, yielding illuminating oil, may be pumped at a good profit; one of the same capacity, yielding lubricating oil, is a splendid property. Wells yielding from 20 to 50 barrels per day are very common; many run from 50 to 100; a less number from that to 400 or 500; and one—the United States—yields over 900. The larger wells, those yielding over 10 barrels, are estimated to be worth \$4,000 for each barrel of the daily flow, thus: a 10-barrel well is worth (land and working interest together) \$40,000; a 100-barrel well, \$400,000; a 500-barrel well, \$2,000,000, etc. With these possible large prices, and with the fact established that the good wells are to-day worth many times the cost of all the worthless ones, it is absurd to talk of the petroleum business as "played out." The yield of petroleum, up to date, has been more than a hundred times in value all that has been legitimately spent in producing it.

Men will naturally and justly look forward to the embark in any petroleum company and the Tribune very justly advises not to put too many eggs in one basket—that is to say, not to invest too much in any one concern. Any well-managed company which strikes oil is bound to get back a royal return on its investment, and it is best to distribute one's capital among two or three sound working companies.

One of this kind, of which we have several times had occasion to speak, is the GLOBE PETROLEUM COMPANY, 458 Broadway, in this city, Frank Leslie, Esq., President. It has 200 acres of good petroleum lands in fee simple, and 405 in 20-year leases, carrying an average of five-sixths of the oil. The property is all paid for, and no money is required for any purpose except for putting down wells and developing the property. For this purpose 55,000 shares are offered to the public, out of the total

100,000, at \$2 per share. This, if taken up, will enable the company to put down about 20 wells.

For full information, apply to John Clapp, Esq., Secretary, 468 Broadway, over Singer's Sewing Machine Company.

## THE CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES.

MR. CHASE has always had the recommendation of a handsome face and a noble person. Perhaps a finer-looking man could not be found in the States. He is in height about six feet four inches, is admirably built and erect. His face is pale, his complexion blonde, his forehead full, and his head in every way well formed. His eye is blue, clear and remarkably serene—his features regular and at the same time strong, and the expression of his face is that of seriousness and benevolence. His manner is kind without being at all warm, he is always courteous, and there is about him an air of refinement and culture. As a speaker he is plain, straightforward, and at times blunt. He has a slight lisp when he begins to speak, which is afterwards not heard, and his voice is vigorous, argumentative in its tone, and always quiet. Without being fluent he impresses his words well, and without pathos he impresses his audience deeply by the force of his own conviction. He has considerable humor, and now and then coins his thoughts into odd and telling phrases.

Mr. Chase has always been regarded as one of the most ambitious of American statesmen, and perhaps justly. His ambition is of that kind which Mr. Fox (afterwards Lord Holland) had when he said "he must have the Treasury; he had served up to it, and would have it." Mr. Chase firmly adhered to the cause of justice in America when it could give nothing and demanded all; step by step he has battled for its advancement, and it is scarcely wonderful that he should feel that his claim to the highest office, which, in its day of triumph, the cause for which he toiled 30 weary years can give, is valid. But it should not be forgotten that his ambition has never led to his shrinking from the task which is never popular—that of leading, and to that end combating the public mind. He has never been a popular man, and has been put in office because his ability was needed. At this moment, when every eminent self-seeker in America is waiting and hanging back to see if the popular breath will be for negro suffrage, the man who unhesitatingly commits the highest judicial opinion of the nation to the just side, and risks his personal prospects for it, is Salmon Portland Chase. — *London Spectator.*

## EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

**Domestic.**—The editor of the Chattanooga *Gazette* visited the ruins where the fire occurred in that place a few days ago, and saw boys trying to knock the plugs out of the shells lying near the late fire, and one poured the powder out upon the hot bricks. He did not stop to remonstrate with them.

That was a queer freak the lightning took at a store in Rockville, Connecticut, one Saturday afternoon, a week or two ago. It entered at the door in a vivid flash, which actually lighted an oil lamp, and left it burning, without leaving any other visible marks of its passage.

Col. James M. Sanderson, of New York, has been restored to his rank by the War Department. He was charged with disclosing to the rebel authorities at Richmond a plan of escape, devised by the other Federal prisoners there. The special order revoking his dismissal from the service says, that his conduct at Richmond deserves praise rather than censure.

A member of the Alabama delegation, now in Washington, brings the intelligence from that state that most of the Union citizens are unarmed, while the rebel element is well supplied with the arms formerly used by them in the army. He was present at the surrender of the rebel Rhody's command, and states that out of 2,000 men, but 80 delivered up their arms, accounting for the balance as lost, whereas they had been hidden, only to be afterwards reclaimed by the rebels.

It is said that L. P. Walker, the rebel secretary of war, who informed the world, that if the United States resisted the capture of Sumter, the rebel flag would *soon* float over Faneuil Hall, is soon to be an applicant for executive pardon.

It has been calculated that during the traveling season which has just set in, and which lasts from May to November, only six months, the expenditure of American tourists in Europe will not be less than \$3,000,000.

The number of births in the state of Connecticut in 1864 was 9,734—151 less than in 1863, and 2,200 less than in 1861. There is an excess of 8,168 females in the total population of the state. There was a very large increase in the number of marriages, the returns showing 4,107, which is greater than any year preceding, except 1855. It is a gain of 1,969 over 1863. There were 9,109 deaths, or 669 more than in 1863. The proportion of males annually dying seems to be increasing.

A large and elegant hotel is to be erected in the Central Park, New York, in place of the little stone restaurant known as the Casino, which is inadequate to accommodate the countless thousands that throng the park every day. The new hotel will be without sleeping-rooms, and used exclusively as a house of refreshment, It will be kept under the stringent rules of the park.

A project is on foot at Leavenworth, Kansas, under the auspices of the American Union Cattle Association, for the capture, on the plains, of from 5,000 to 10,000 buffaloes, with the view of ultimately driving them to the States.

Forty-four gunboats, seven tugs and a number of other vessels, lately composing a portion of the Mississippi squadron, will be sold at Mound City, on August 17, to the highest bidder.

A furious tornado, moving from north-west to the south-east, swept over portions of Minnesota and Iowa on the 16th ult., covering, in some parts of its route, a breadth of fifty miles. Houses were blown down, trees wrenched off and uprooted, a number of persons killed, carriages and horses passing along the road seized and whisked off like bundles of straw, and havoc played in a multiplicity of forms.

Major General George H. Thomas, on the 20th of June, issued at Nashville, his headquarters, his official order on assuming charge of his new command, the Military Division of the Tennessee, embracing the states of Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama and Florida. His subordinate departmental commanders will be Generals J. M. Palmer, in Kentucky; Stoneman, in Tennessee; J. B. Steedman, in Georgia; C. R. Wood, in Alabama; and A. A. Humphreys, in Florida.

The country is now divided, into five grand military divisions. The following are their names and commanders: Division of the Atlantic, Major General Meade; Division of the Mississippi, Major General Sherman; Division of the Tennessee, Major General Thomas; Division of the South-west, Major General Sheridan; Division of the Pacific, Major General Halleck.

The President, in his instructions to Indian Commissioner Dole, who is about to proceed to the Far West, for the purpose of effecting important treaties with the red men, directs him to press upon these wild and roving people the importance and necessity of abandoning their present savage and unsettled mode of life, and applying themselves to industry and the habits of civilization.

A proclamation has been issued by Governor Smythe, of New Hampshire, recommending the people of that state to embrace the approaching Fourth of July as a most appropriate day and occasion to extend to the returned soldiers a cordial and enthusiastic welcome, and to commemorate their patriotic deeds. Other Governors, including Governor Fenton, of this State, have made similar suggestions to the people of their respective commonwealths.

The following resolution was adopted by the great meeting at the Cooper Institute:

*Resolved* That we hold this truth to be self-evident,

that he with whom we can intrust the bullet to save the life of the nation, we can likewise intrust the ballot to preserve it; and we invoke the co-operation of the Federal and State Governments, and the people throughout the Union, to use all lawful means to establish a system of suffrage which shall be equal and just to all, black as well as white.

The Grand Jury of the United States District Court at Norfolk have found indictments for treason against some 40 well known rebels—among them Gen. Lee, Henry A. Wise, Gov. Letcher, Extra Billy Smith, Wm. N. McVeigh, formerly of Alexandria, David Funeral, formerly of Alexandria, Wm. B. Richards, Jr., James Lyon, of Richmond, and Generals Breckinridge, Early and Kemper.

It is reported that Gen. Lee and A. H. Stevens have made special applications to President Johnson for pardon.

Neither Grant nor Sherman were among the "good boys" of the Military Academy at West Point, Sherman standing No. 124 in the order of good behavior and Gen. Grant falling as low as 147. In scholarship, too, neither of them obtained a place among the honored five. Sherman, who stood the first year at No. 9, did, indeed, graduate at No. 6, but Grant, beginning with 23 above him, rose only at graduation to No. 21.

Miss Maria Mitchell, of Nantucket, whose labors in astronomy have made her name well known, is to have charge of the astronomical department in Vassar Female College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

A. O. P. Nicholson, who was United States Senator from Tennessee, when the war broke out, petitions the President, who was then his colleague, most earnestly for pardon.

A woman called on an attorney in Williamsport, N. Y., one day last week, and requested his assistance in collecting bounty and pay for two husbands who had been killed during the rebellion. Her third husband accompanied her.

It appears from the testimony before the Military Commission, that the tremendous explosion of vessels discharging stores at City Point on the 9th of August, was caused by an infernal machine introduced by John Maxwell, of the rebel secret service, who left Richmond on the 20th of July in company with R. R. Dillard.

The number of letters which are now received at the Dead Letter Office in Washington, sent there under the new law which makes prepayment of postage compulsory, amounts to more than 15,000 a week.

The treaty between the United States and the Republic of Honduras is officially proclaimed. It provides for perpetual amity and reciprocal freedom of commerce and navigation. Honduras engages to open negotiations with the various governments with which it may have relations, for their separate recognition of the perpetual neutrality, and for the protection of the contemplated Honduras Inter-Oceanic Railway, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Honduras agrees that the right of way or transit over such route, shall be at all times open and free to the government and citizens of the United States for all lawful purposes whatever; and in consideration of these concessions, the United States engages, in conjunction with Honduras, to protect the same from interruption, seizure or unjust confiscation, in whatever quarter the attempt may proceed so long as the spirit and intention of this article, on this subject, shall be preserved.

It is well remembered that when the war for the suppression of the rebellion broke out the Northern sympathizers in our midst gathered the old copper cents and had them transferred into breast-pins to indicate that they were "copperheads." "Now," says an exchange, "that the chief of rebels has adopted the 'petticoat coat,' would it not be well for them to get a new badge? No suggestion is needed as to what it should be."

In digging a well in Cedar Falls, Iowa, a black walnut log was found 20 feet below the surface of the ground.

Brigham Young has ordered a bell from a foundry in Troy, probably to call his flock of wives together.

The "Hermitage," the last dwelling-place of General Jackson, is in a very dilapidated condition. It was purchased by the state of Tennessee, in 1856, for \$48,000. Mrs. A. Jackson, widow of the late proprietor, has appealed to President Johnson for a permanent home at the Hermitage. The President referred her application to Governor Brownlow.

The editor of the *Universalist* having been censured by a correspondent for intimating that Jeff. Davis should be hung, replies: "After the excitement has passed, and Jefferson Davis is hung, we may be sorry! But, in all soberness, let us say, if Jefferson Davis is not hung, the hand that in this land ever after signs a death-warrant should drop from its socket. If he is pardoned, let every prison door open."

Two young men on board the steamer St. John, from New York for Albany, set a good example by their presence of mind and cool determination the other night. A kerosene lamp broke in a closet, and the burning fluid covered the door. Intense alarm, of course, ensued; but the young fellows stood at the door, and refused to allow even the officers of the boat to enter until the kerosene was burned out. The theory was, that if the door was opened and water poured in the flames would not be extinguished, but would be floated to other combustible material, at the risk of destruction to all.

**Obituary.**—One of the most prominent as well as one of the most able and respected among our authoresses, Lydia H. Sigourney, has recently passed from the life in which her talent and power and delicate fancy had made her so great a reputation. It is many years since we last saw Mrs. Sigourney, and had the pleasure of listening to her graceful and pleasant voice, yet it scarcely seems more than yesterday, so accustomed had we been to regard her as a positive celebrity, without calculating her age or reckoning her probable duration, still among us. Yet she is now dead—dead in the fullness of her years, 76—having barely overrun the allotted time, and preserved her literary reputation untarnished by one of those pure and virtuous lives which typify the literary character in its most blameless and perfect form.

**Foreign.**—A play entitled "Four years of civil war in America; or the Death of Lincoln," has been presented at a theatre in Vienna.

The demonstrations of all kinds in favor of Mr. Lincoln continue in England. A biography of 150 pages, illustrated, has reached a sale of more than 100,000 copies, and photographs are sold by the thousand. The portraits and biography of President Johnston are also such much sought after.

The painter Rothmann, of Dusseldorf, has made a will, in which he bequeathed \$400 to four friends to "go on a spree" with, and \$100 to his colleagues, to drink a "memorial punch" for him.

"How I managed my children from infancy to marriage," is the title of a "Mother's own book" just issued in London.

It is stated that the Empress of Russia "only" spent \$300,000 during her seven months' stay at Nice.

The number of fires in London last year exceeded the number of fires in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg and Philadelphia put together.

The Duchess of Argyle's little girls have sent a box of clothing to the colored children in America, worth about \$100, which they made themselves.

The rents of the London theatres are enormous. That of the Haymarket is nearly £24,000 a year; of Drury Lane, £27,800; the "Princess" is sub-let at £4,000; the Adelphi is £4,500; and the Lyceum £4,000.

Two English newspapers are now published at Yokohama, in Japan—one the daily *Japan Herald*, the motto of which is "Onward, press onward;" and the other is the weekly *Japan Herald*.

We have at length the official report of the evacuation of the Island of San Domingo by the Spanish troops. The news that the Spanish Government had finally decided on the abandonment of the island, was received on May 28, and as everything was ready for embarkation, the evacuation began at once. It seems

that the partisans of Spain were leaving simultaneously with the Spanish troops.

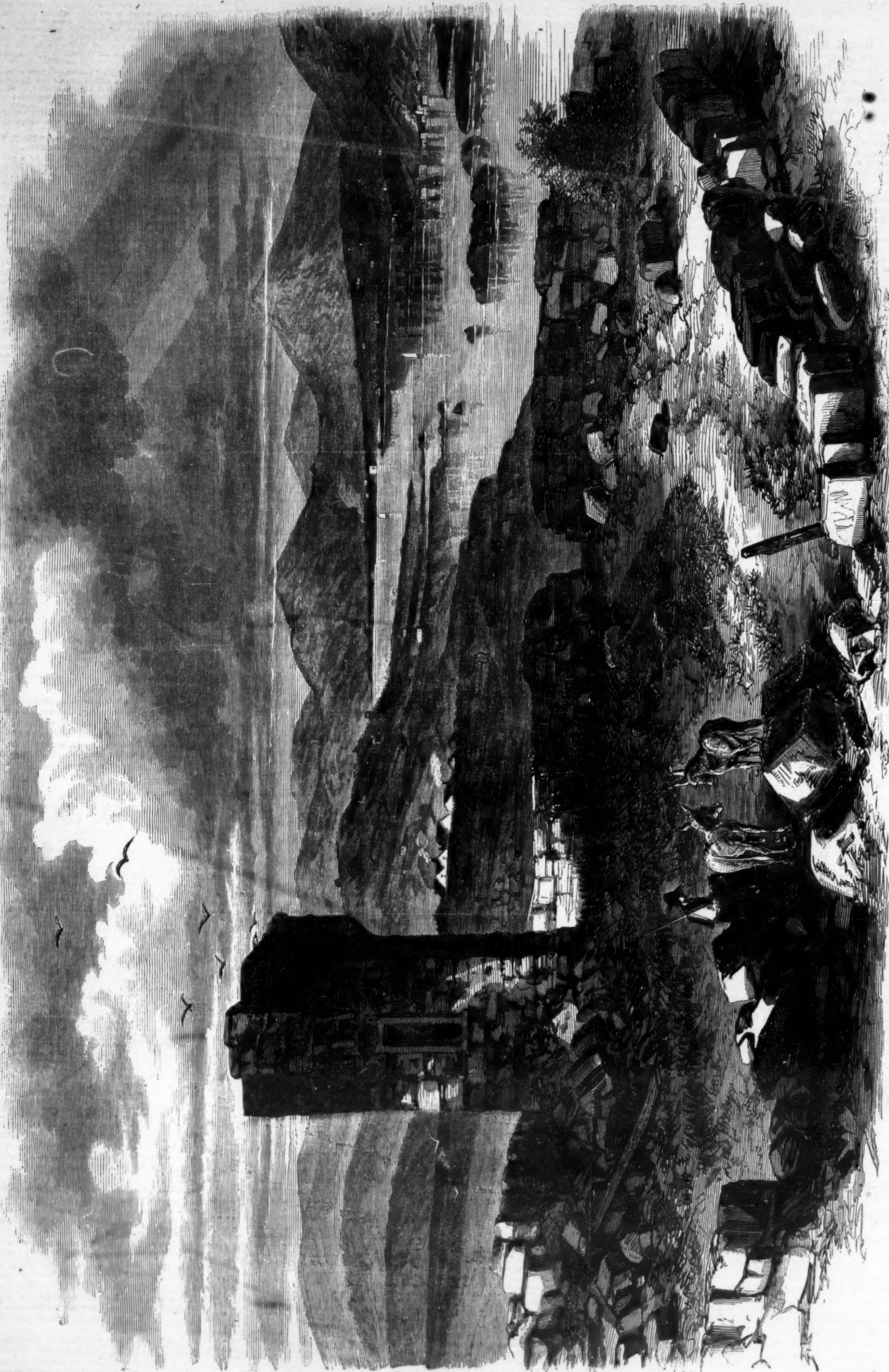
The latest dates from Chihuahua show that on the 8th of May the French troops were at least 200 miles from that city, which is strongly fortified; and, therefore, it is not probable they would move in that direction. There is reason for believing, from semi-official sources, that the recently published report that President Juarez was on his way to the United States is untrue. The prospects of the Liberals as represented as encouraging.

Several great historical personages have recently been introduced in the mimic life of the European stage. At Geneva a play has been produced, in which Calvin figures. At Vienna another drama has been acted, in which Pitt, Fox, and George III. are characters. At Turin a new play introduces Stuvenee, the unhappy lover of the beautiful young Queen of Denmark, the sister of George III.

No less than 5,000 photographs of Booth, the assassin, have been sold by one firm in London.

A suicide was recently committed by a young woman employed as saleswoman in a shop in the Rue de Rivoli, Paris. Before lighting a pan of charcoal, with which she put an end to her existence, she had decorated her room with flowers, and then dressed herself in white. When found, she was lying on her bed, her hands folded on her breast, and her countenance bearing a looking so placid that she might have been supposed to be sleeping. She had written a letter to her mother, asking for forgiveness, and stating the motive which had prompted her suicide.

A few days ago an Englishman went to Paris to take out a patent in France for an invention to detect pickpockets. He entered an omnibus and sat by the side of an elegantly dressed lady, with a very charming face. Soon the Englishman saw an expression of distress and dismay come over that face, and felt a tugging at his pocket. With a cruel smile he looked at the fair creature, who, crimson with shame, implored him to let her go. With true gallantry he released her hand, and she thereupon stopped

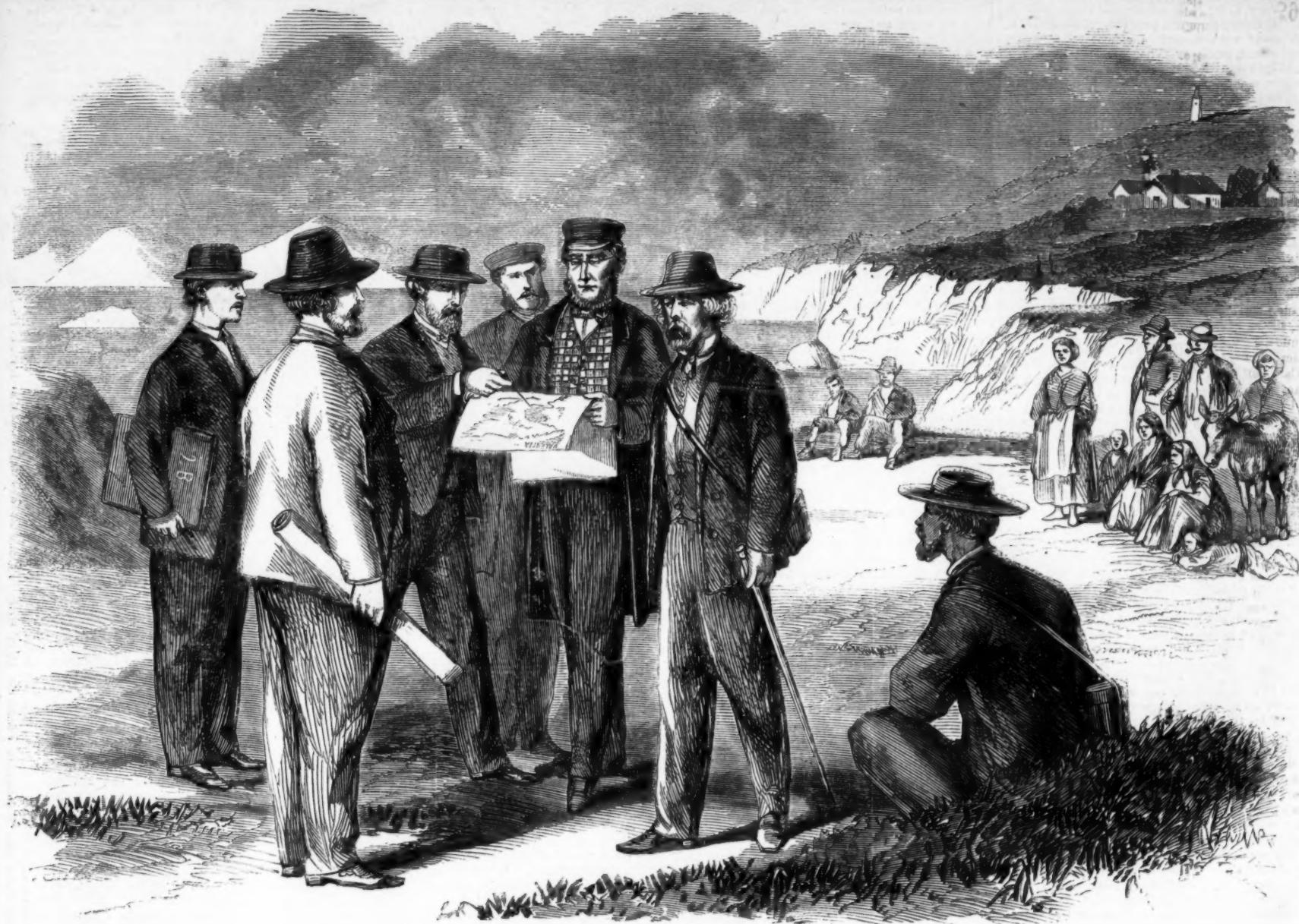


ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.—VALENTIA, IRELAND, THE TERMINUS OF THE CABLE.—SEEDED FROM THE OLD SIGNAL TOWER ON BRAY HEAD, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JOSEPH BECKER.

The Point at which the end of the cable will be landed.

Cavagh Point.

Port Magee.



John Temple, B. Wardlock, C. F. Varley, Cyrus W. Field, Knight of Kerry.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.—MR. CYRUS W. FIELD AND PARTY SELECTING A SPOT FOR LANDING THE SHORE END OF THE CABLE ON THE COAST OF VALENTIA, IRELAND, SUNDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 4.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.

#### A KNIGHT OF THE NEW CRUSADE.

AMONG my comrades here I stand  
An orphan and alone,  
No father's care, no mother's love  
Can claim me for its own.

For I have vowed me with a vow  
(As did the knight of old),  
That while the land is rent with war,  
And I my sword can hold,  
No home shall lure me from the camp,  
No dearer duties rise,  
No woman tempt me to forsake  
For her the high emprise.

But sometimes when, as now, I lie  
A dreaming in my tent,  
Fair maiden faces, tender-eyed,  
Above my couch have bent,  
And murmured in low voices sweet  
Of happy days in store—  
Of peace, and rest, and joy, and love,  
Mine when the war is o'er.

It may be so. God grant it may!  
It is a pleasant dream;  
It shines upon my darker hours  
As with a heavenly gleam.  
"Up! up! to arms! the enemy!"  
Swift fly the visions blest.  
Oh God! protect me through the fight,  
Or take me to thy rest!

I wish to tell my story plainly and clearly; there is no confusion in my mind. I can remember distinctly every minute detail of that season, and I shall set them all down here, to be read by those who may chance to discover this record.

We had been married three months. Our wed-

took place in June, and we came immediately to

#### A Monomaniac's Story.

I CANNOT tell how or precisely at what time the feeling first overtook me; I can only ascribe its origin to the fact that we were so perfectly happy. I knew that our lives had reached the culminating point—so happy, that only death could preserve to us the bliss in which we had reveled during the past months.



My lips are pure from kiss of wine,  
Or maiden's lips as red.  
No home is sad for loss of me,  
No heart will mourn me dead.

My comrades talk of distant friends,  
Of wives and children dear;  
They bear with them into the fray  
A thought of love and fear.  
I love my men; I love my sword.  
No other love have I,  
But in my country's cause I fight,  
And for her sake would die.

And if I watch with longing eyes  
What time the mail comes in,  
To see the poorest soldier lad  
The loved "home-letter" win,  
I know that it is better so;  
If death should be my fate,  
No woman's heart will break for me,  
No home be desolate.



"IT HAS COME; IT HAS COME!"



ON THE WATER.

this quiet cottage, where there was no one to intrude upon our solitude—where all through the summer days no sound met our ears but the tones of each other's voice, and the soft whispers of the sycamores that grew close to the porch, and the long, musical lap of the sea against the beach beyond.

We had attained to our happiness through trouble and grief; we had been separated for a season by false friends. I had been a wanderer in distant climes, and Marian a silent watcher in her darkened home. Without any premonition which would have given us strength to prepare for our great bliss—for sudden joy unnerves the soul as suffering can never do—the clouds broke away, the terrible night flashed into a morning bright as that which first glorified Eden, and we found ourselves united, faint, delirious under the magic spell which had so unexpectedly swept aside the darkness, and left us standing in our new world together.

We were married and came hither. There might be words found strong enough to paint the lowest depth of human woe, but no human language can depict the ecstasy of happiness which was ours during those first weeks.

Never such heavenly days unfolded on earth as

those were; never such a moon will shine again as hung its tremulous globe over the gold-tinted sea. How many were there? I cannot tell; weeks, whole weeks, perhaps. Then, in the midst of my joy, there came over my soul, at intervals, a vague shudder, a faint dread, inexplicable—how shall I describe it?

Can you fancy a man walking through some magic garden in a dream, entranced by the beauty of the scene, lulled to forgetfulness of the whole world, yet at times startled by a warning that beyond those flower-wreathed portals stood some horrible shape, ready to seize him in its bony grasp as he passed the last of the fragrant mazes? I can picture that feeling, which began to haunt me in no other way; it is clear to you I am sure. You who read these pages will read them with your souls, and be able to comprehend the suffering you have never endured.

I remember the night when the fear and the horror just became palpable—when it started up before me like a living shape, and froze my very soul with its glance. We were sitting in the little room that looked out upon the sea; the moon was past its full, and hung, golden and misty, above the fleecy white clouds that bordered the horizon. There was no wind. The odor of the jessamine stole in at the casement, the low murmur of the waves was like the hymns of angels. No other sound save our whispered voices, which died away at last in one kiss of ecstasy when words were too feeble.

Marian was lying with her head upon my knees; I was playing with her long fair hair, dizzy, faint with my happiness. That strange dread had not shaken my soul for days. On a sudden it came back. I felt myself shiver, not outwardly, down, in the core of my being. Stronger grew the fear, colder the chill. I waited, like a man who waits the coming of a ghost; yet all the while the hand that clasped Marian's did not tremble, and there she lay, with her glorious face upturned in the moonlight, a half-smile on the lips, and her eyes filled with a light which no mortal orbs ever possessed before.

Then I heard the voice—once or twice, when that horror came near me, I had heard a faint whisper, but now the tones were perfectly distinct: "Kill her! Your happiness is consummated! Kill her, before the heaven of these weeks fades like the bliss of common men."

I think something touched my hand. Certainly it was an involuntary movement which my fingers twist themselves in the long curls, and wind them about her slender throat.

She raised her eyes to mine with a heavenly smile, saying:

"Do you wish to strangle me, Gerald?"

My hand dropped; her voice broke the spell.

"Perhaps it would be better," I answered; "we can never be as happy again as now."

"Darling," she whispered, "we are together; only a power strong enough to separate us could deprive us of our happiness."

"But it has reached its fulness, Marian; if it should pale and lessen like the moon we have watched over the sea yonder?"

She trembled and grew pale.

"If I thought that, Gerald—if I believed it possible—I would beg you to kill me; death at your hands would be sweet, compared to life with any change."

"Could you bear to die, Marian?"

"With you, yes; how could I fear? Do I not know that our souls are so joined even eternity will not separate us?"

Then I heard the voice again, but an instant after Marian's light laugh drowned its whisper.

"Really we are growing too fanciful," she said. "We live so entirely in our dream, that we are no more like people of this world than if we were an enchanted pair in fairyland."

"But it is so terrible to think of any change."

She raised herself, and twined one arm about my neck, pushing my head back with her other hand to look full in my eyes.

"Dear Gerald," she said, in her low, earnest voice, that always, in serious moments, had a faint tremor in it, which made her words sound like music; "I thought you had cured yourself of, or I thought happiness had made you forget, the old morbid melancholy. Don't ever think of such a possibility. God has been very good to us; do not let us be ungrateful and wicked enough to doubt Him now."

She brought quiet and peace with her words—I forgot everything but the present. We went out and walked up and down the garden porch in the moonlight, and under the spell of her influence my soul was as calm as though no shadow had ever troubled it.

But late that night, when the moon was hidden under a sweep of cloud, that hung down like the folds of a shroud, and Marian slept in the starlit gloom, with the smile still on her face, I was forced to rise and pace the chamber with stealthy steps, troubled again by the unseen spirit that had before haunted me.

I paused by the window and looked out across the sea, that lay dark and sullen below. Several times I stooped over the bed where Marian lay, and gazed at her helpless beauty; but always that one thought was with me, and I could not drive it from my mind. At last I put the thing resolutely aside. I promised to think of it later—whether a promise given to myself or some power that was urging me on, I could not tell. When the dawn began to break gray and cold, I lay down and slept—slept soundly for hours till the chamber was all aglow with the sun, and Marian's voice roused me from that dreamless slumber.

"You lazy, lazy boy!" she cried. "Get up—get up! It is the most heavenly morning, and I want to go out on the water."

We had a happy day. From this time forth I could begin to number many such.

We rowed for miles along the beach to a little cove that was one of our favorite resting-places. On one side the rocks rose up, gray and bare, crowned upon their summits with a knot of pines

that had been watchers there for ages; below, the sand lay white and pure, dotted with sea shells and strange weeds; at the back there was a long view inland, with green pastures and woodlands shutting in the distance, and in front the restless sea, without a single sail in sight to break the majestic solitude.

Sometimes a troop of hood-winged birds would dart past, or a flock of gulls would swim close to shore and rest on the long swell, regarding us quietly, while Marian attempted to hold a conversation with them in a language she had invented for their benefit; but there were no other intrusions upon our retirement.

We had our books and papers; I sketched and Marian read to me; we raced like children along the sand, or climbed the cliffs; we put aside both past and future; life had nothing for us save the brightness of those hours.

But the dread, the horror—it hung about me; day after day it loomed up blacker and more tangible; night after night it held me firm in its grasp, and even the sight of Marian's face, the sound of Marian's voice, which at first could always calm me, would sometimes now raise the tempest in my soul.

I tell you in spite of it all, I could reason perfectly; there was no trouble; my mind seemed clearer and more acute than it had ever been. I was able to build the rarest and firmest theories; I wrote several of the clearest papers I ever produced. I remember being able to demonstrate with ease some problem concerning which a friend wrote me; my memory grew as perfect that I could repeat whole pages of old Greek poets which I had not looked at for years; minute events connected with my childhood came back, and I used to amuse Marian for hours with those strange efforts which cost me no trouble whatever.

I mention these things to show you how clear my mind was, and how completely my reasoning faculties were under my control.

Indeed, all my senses became strangely acute. I could hear a footstep long before it was distinguishable to another, and this increased until I actually suffered torture; but it arose from no disease, only from the sudden development of the mental qualities which were intended to rule men.

And this idea—this need which had taken possession of me—to carry my happiness out of this world lest something should wrench it from me—that grew always stronger. I argued the matter; I tried to decide whether it was the thought of my own mind or whether some spiritual influence was at work to direct me. In that case was the power a good or evil one?

Sometimes when I had been happy for hours I was thrown into paroxysms of distress by the idea that it might be possible some creature who had hated me on earth, was still troubling me, or that some of those impalpable beings which exist, without doubt, in the universe, hostile to humanity, had been able to exert its power upon my mind.

I thought a great deal about that; I read some strange old German books upon such subjects, but I could arrive at no conclusion.

The days went on; the time came when Marian began to tremble under the shadow; this was the hastening of the consummation.

I was troubled for sleep; often I could not close my eyes until daylight, and Marian grew restless and watched. She said, too, that my appetite failed, that I grew worn and pale, and she almost vexed me with her importunities; it seemed so unkind when I suffered more in her behalf than my own, but I bore it all patiently enough.

I thought a great deal about that; I read some strange old German books upon such subjects, but I could arrive at no conclusion.

"Never with you, darling," she answered, and either to re-assure me or carrying out some thought which was in her mind, she began to sing in a low voice fragments of a song that I had written long before.

I dropped the oars, and started up with a bound that sent the boat over on its side. I caught Marian in my arms, crying out:

"It has come; it has come! Let us go together; come, Marian, come; there is no parting yonder!"

She was struggling in my arms and looking up in my face, with an expression in her eyes I had never seen there before—fear and horror, and of me—oh, my God, of me!

"Gerald," she moaned, "Gerald! Are you mad! We shall drown! Not suicide, Gerald—not suicide!"

Then she clung a dead weight in my arms—she had fainted. I never could explain the reaction in my mind, it troubled me for days afterwards; but when I saw her white face droop lifeless on my shoulder, and for an instant believed her dead, it seemed to me that I must go mad.

I tried to revive her; I dashed the salt foam in her face; kissed her lips; shrieked her name in a frenzy; but there was no response.

The tide had drifted us near the shore. I sprang into the water, carrying her in my arms, and ran towards the house.

We laid her upon the bed; I drove away the officious servants and attended her myself, but before she recovered, the physician, for whom they had sent unauthorized, made his appearance.

When Marian lay back on the pillows weak and faint, but able to smile in answer to my entreaties, able to raise her dear eyes to mine, the doctor drew me out of the chamber, and after many teasing questions, warned me that it was like an attack of heart disease; great care must be exercised; she must have quiet—be kept from agitation, or the malady might declare itself suddenly and fatal.

From that time, peace and serenity were gone from Marian's soul; not that she changed; not that her love altered; she was gentle and tender

as ever; nay, if that had been possible, I believe she loved me better than before; but she could not forget the events of that day; she could not recover from the wild fear which had wakened in her mind.

I was lying on the sofa one afternoon, in the little room where we liked so much to linger, and Marian sat on a low stool at my feet. She had been reading to me. I recollect the book—Bailey's *Festus*, always so great a favorite with me from its strange theories and vague aspirations after a new life. I could even recall the very passages she read, so distinctly are all things connected with those days impressed upon my mind. I had closed my eyes—perhaps she thought me sleeping, for her voice grew lower and lower and at last died away entirely. I glanced furtively at her; she was regarding me with a mournful look which pained me beyond expression. I could not forbear stretching out my hand and grasping hers; the one hand I had on life.

"Gerald," she said, in a hesitating way.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I want to say something to you, dear," stroking my head gently with her velvety fingers. "Don't be vexed! I wouldn't tease you for the world; but I am afraid you are not well. You don't sleep; you grow thin and pale—"

"There, then," I interrupted, calmly enough; you are fanciful, darling, I am never ill, you know."

"But if you would only consult a physician—just to gratify me, dear."

"You know I hate the whole escapist race, Marian," I answered; "don't ask me such a thing."

"Please, please do," she urged; "for my sake, Gerald; it is so little a thing to do."

"What should I tell him? I am perfectly well."

"Tell him about your sleepless nights, your want of appetite, your—your—"

"Well?" I asked, seeing her hesitate.

"Your nervousness, for it is that."

"Not that I am aware of; I don't even know what you mean, Marian."

"Oh, Gerald, you start at the least sound; you have such a strange way of looking as if you saw something when there is no one in the room but ourselves; only don't be vexed."

"Indeed I am not; but tell me what it is you fear?"

"That you are going to have some severe illness—that—"

"You think I am going mad," I interrupted, coldly. "Really, Marian, a wife ought to be the last person to conceive a fancy like that."

She gave a sort of gasping cry; oh, I knew by her face that I struck home, but she said quickly—

"No, no! Don't say such horrible words—dear, dear Gerald, don't ever again."

"They cause me no terror," I answered. "Don't be alarmed for my sanity, Marian, my mind was never so clear as now. I don't think I reason, talk or write much like a madman."

"No, no! Stop talking about it; oh, I couldn't bear such horrible thought, even in jest."

"You are a child," I said kindly enough, though I felt irritated and sore—in that mood when one must hurt the being one loves best.

"I am whatever you would have me be, Gerald," she answered, kissing my hand.

"Now that I think of it," I continued, "I did once have an uncle who got into a morbid, melancholy way, that people called madness, but I never believed it was such."

"For the love of heaven, stop!" she exclaimed, pale as a ghost, and shaking from head to foot. "You will kill me, Gerald."

"Because you think I am going mad," I said, raising myself on one arm, and looking full in her face.

She uttered passionate denials, threw herself on my bosom, and burst into an agony of tears.

"Would you be afraid of me if it were so?" I went on. "Would you do as so many women have done—try to place me in confinement?"

"Gerald!" she answered, "not even death can part you and me—never question me again."

"That's the best part of it—death!" I said.

"But we are so happy, Gerald—so happy! Why should we wish to die?"

"To preserve our happiness, to carry it beyond the reach of earthly peril."

"Life and death are in God's hands," she replied. "I don't like to talk in this way—please don't."

She forced herself to be calm; by nature she was capable of strong self-control, and the suffering of the past had increased it to a degree of which I never saw any other woman capable.

"Then you shall read to me again," I said; "no, you shall sing, that is better."

I wanted to hear her voice—the longing to snatch her out of this world—to give her soul into my soul's keeping, both free from the shackles of mortality which bind us here, was so very strong then; but I would wait—I would. The power which was urging me on should not force me to any rash step. I would have time to think, to see clearly on every side—on that I was determined—and I kept my being intent only on Marian's delicious voice as it rose and died in the measure of that pathetic song.

But in the night, the long—long night, when Marian slept and I lay waiting for the morn, which seemed ages away, she started suddenly, moaned and cried in a broken voice:

"Save him—anything but that!"

Great heaven! she feared me so that it haunted even her dreams; oh, truly I could not wait much longer.

I pictured it all to myself; I saw her fear and dread would increase day after day, until, under its withering influence, her love would so completely die out, that her whole nature would be changed, and even if I rushed with her into another world, I could not keep her, for the spell that bound her soul to mine would have been lost for ever; in eternity I should be alone.

I stepped noiselessly out of bed; for a moment I thought the time had come; then I knew I must wait—one more trial for the morrow.

The morning came and passed; the afternoon wore on beyond sunset. We had been out to walk; we came in and sat down in the darkened room, and the voice of the sea came up with a sorrowful murmur I had never heard in its tone.

Marian moved to the mantel to light the lamp; I followed her noiselessly, and caught her in both arms, she uttered a cry, which betrayed her terror.

"You are afraid," I exclaimed, for a sort of frenzy overtook me to find that my suspicions were true. "You are afraid—you lied the other day—you do think me mad!"

She was gasping for breath; I could hear her striving to pray in broken words.

"Where is your love?" I demanded. "You lied—you do fear me."

"Gerald, Gerald!" she moaned. "Help us both; oh, my God—let me go—I am afraid!"

When she made this wail I grew calm; I laid her on the sofa, and she fell back, not fainting, but perfectly helpless.

I lighted the lamp, made the room cheerful and bright, and then returned to her side. I took her in my arms; I called her by every endearing name; I told her how great my love was—I believe I never had found words to bare my soul so completely as then—and after a time she grew quiet.

But the fear was not gone; no, no, I saw that; only her love was so great, her soul so strong, that it mastered its power. She acknowledged that she had suffered, that she believed me ill, and again begged me to consult a physician.

It had come, the moment had arrived, we must leave this world behind, or I must lose her forever. From the instant I made this resolution I was content. I was never more wholly happy than during that evening. Everything was settled now; we should leave this earth; in the existence beyond nothing come near our love. I only wished that I had taken her and gone before, in the first week of our beautiful dream, when no shadow had marred its perfection. But there was still time; the chain that bound us was not yet broken—mine, not for this poor world only, but above, forever, in a bliss that even angels should envy.

It was in the middle of the night. I was so calm, a serene joy sat in my soul, such as one might feel when going forth to a new land where purer happiness awaits him—nothing more.

How to free her from this earthly shape without pain, speedily, instantly, so that she should go straight from her dream into the new life, and before she could even comprehend the change, find my soul standing by her side.

I had in my room a case of strange instruments which my uncle—whom men called mad—the idiots—had brought from some far-off clime; even the uses or names were not known to me, so far back in antiquity had they been fashioned.

Among these were two long slender needles, no thicker than a hair, but so sharp and keen that they would penetrate a hard substance without the slightest difficulty.

cannot tell whether hours or days or weeks went by. After that long blank I find myself in this lonely room; a man watches me—it is idle—I never wish to go out—what is his poor watching compared to the guardians he cannot see? I ask him no questions—I do not wish to speak to any one. I am here in the room from whence Marian's soul went forth.

Oh, the poor wife, the darling! She is waiting for me—she pines for me and I cannot go!

If I could only speak—a single word—but no—if I would talk of ordinary things they would permit, but the secret they will not allow to pass my lips, so I am silent.

I see them now—that is only very lately—it gives me a little hope. I shall be able to know if they even by any chance leave me—it only needs an instant—I have the weapon always concealed in my breast. They do not know that I have gained the power of watching them in turn—I never raise my eyes toward them—the moment will come.

I have found this paper again—I believe for some time past I have written nothing. To think that men would call me mad—perhaps have—but these pages will set all right when they are found.

One of them is in the room—his back is toward me—sometimes I think if I could spring upon him—could overpower him—was that Marian's voice?

The record ended here.

After the sudden and mysterious death of Marian he had been placed under restraint in the little dwelling where their brief happiness went out in a tragedy so terrible.

Upon that last day Gerald seemed unusually engrossed with the manuscript which he so carefully hid from his keepers, and they had left him alone for a time. One of them passing through the hall heard the struggle, the fierce cry as the poor wretch sprang upon his fancied or unseen enemies—who shall decide which they were? When he entered the apartment Gerald lay motionless upon the floor, a stream of blood issuing from his mouth and nostrils. He had burst some artery about the heart in that last frenzied effort, and death followed almost instantly.

[Although rather late in the day, the following ought to go on record only as a deserved tribute to one of our ablest and most efficient generals.]

#### SHERMAN.

THE mountain ridges caught the hail  
Sent from the distant sea,  
"Know ye a man who cannot fail,  
Send him to me."

"I beat the hostile coast in vain,  
My teeth gnash on the sand,  
Send on whose genius mounts to pain  
And high command.

The ridges answered, "We of late  
Have felt a mighty tread,  
And hosts have passed us strong as fate  
To victory led."

"And he whose thought upheld their hands  
Turned every rocky key,  
And op'd the gates to sunny lands  
Nearer the sea."

"The man is strong in self-control,  
And genius is his mail—  
Ah earnest and resistless soul—  
He cannot fail."

"Though perils gather far and near  
Between our common blue,  
We send, without a doubt or fear,  
This man to you."

And Sherman went along the west—  
The mountain chains are free;  
While now he takes his mighty rest  
Beside the sea.

#### GUY'S FOLLY;

OR,

#### The Secret of Thornton Heath.

BY VANE IRETON ST. JOHN.

#### CHAPTER XVI.—THE FIRST ABDUCTION.

IT was a merry morning—a smiling morning, when the sunlight danced and shimmered on the flowers.

A morning it was when all nature seemed to have let itself loose for enjoyment—when the birds went mad with enjoyment, and the very flowers seemed to give out a fresher and purer perfume—a morning when one could scarcely feel dispirited at will; when the heart could be nothing but elastic; when every leaf, and branch, and stone in your path seemed to invite you out "into the merry sunshine"—into the green and bejeweled meadows.

This was the morning when Clara Arbuthnot had chosen to leave her home and fly with Denzil Harcourt.

She looked sweetly pretty as she tripped along, attired in her light dress, her jaunty hat, and her little mantle, not concealing her plump and rounded shoulders.

The gaiety of nature appeared to instil itself into her mind; for never thinking of those she left behind, or the danger she was seeking, she tripped merrily, even eagerly along; imagining to herself only the pleasure of her journey's end, and not once its perils or the suspicion it would arouse.

I may be accused of exaggerating here; but I am not.

Every girl who runs away with a man at his request alone, and not with her own consent, incurs danger—a danger so great as to warrant her refusal on any terms.

This reasoning may, and no doubt will, offend many young lovers; but it is, nevertheless, the proper reasoning.

Not that I advocate long courtships—hopeless ones, too often—where parents on both sides are inexorable; but at least the day after the ceremony it should be a rule to return home; and even if consent be not given then, an open residence in the vicinity of home would rob life of much of its sorrows and perils.

It will be remembered, that when on the eve of departure from the cottage, Denzil had whispered to her the necessity of altering the place of meeting.

It was, therefore, at the Hazel Dell, near Enniston church, that Clara Arbuthnot expected to meet her lover.

It was a pretty spot, infinitely wild and romantic in its appearance.

Fancy a circular glade in the midst of a dense copse, crossed by a little narrow, rapid brook, which rushed, and bubbled, and rattled on its noisy course over the rough, stony ground.

The soft grass twinkled in the rays of the morning sun with thousands of diamond-like dew-drops; the broad green leaves of the bushes, which gave the place its name, rustled with a gentle sound in the soft, balmy breeze; here and there a tall ash tree raised its graceful head above the mass of underwood; the ground was dotted with wild flowers of every scent and hue.

Birds fluttered about the bushes, or warbled their love-song from the tree-top, while a splendid pheasant strutted about, displaying his radiant plumage, conscious of the security which the game laws afforded him.

When she arrived at the extremity of the dell, she had not long to wait.

Hardly had she been there a moment, before she observed her lover walking down the lane.

He advanced eagerly to meet her, and taking both of her hands, kissed her fondly.

"Dear Clara, you have not deceived me," he cried. "See—I believed in your truth, for yonder is the carriage, which will take us swiftly from the reach of danger."

She looked surprised.

"The carriage!" she said. "What is that for, dear Denzil?"

He laughed lightly.

"Why, Clara, my darling, you could not walk to London, you know."

"To London, Denzil! Why need we go to London? I thought we were to be married here!"

He seemed quite astonished.

"Married here! No, dear Clara, that would be madness. It would be courting discovery and danger. No—we shall arrive in London in three hours, and can be married at once."

Clara hesitated, and blushed.

But how could she recede now?

She had hoped, and indeed wished, that she would be married at Enniston Church—would live in the neighborhood, and be reconciled soon to their friends; and now it was evident that, though her lover had listened and understood her words, he had not observed them, or, at any rate, paid no attention to them.

However, as I have said, she could not recede now; and, indeed, the idea of receding never entered her mind.

The hesitation was nothing—it was gone in a moment.

Come, then, Clara," he said; "we must not linger here. Your absence may be discovered, and then all chance of our union will be gone."

She took his proffered arm, and walked on with him hastily while he proceeded:

"If our marriage had taken place at Enniston Church, it would certainly have been interrupted. Even now, as I glance up the hill, I fancy I see figures moving in the distance. See!" he cried, stopping for a moment.

Clara glanced eagerly in the direction in which he pointed.

There were certainly forms on horseback rushing in the direction of Enniston.

She turned to her lover in distress, her eyes gazing wildly at him, her pretty bosom heaving tumultuously, and her whole form trembling so greatly, that she was compelled to lean on him for support.

"Come, let us hasten, Denzil," she whispered; "we are pursued. That is Sir Arthur. I know him even at this distance."

Without another word, he took her unresisting form in his arms, and fled across the road towards the spot where the carriage was awaiting them.

In another moment they were inside, and were being conveyed rapidly towards London.

Those who pursued seemed at first determined to carry out their object.

But after a time, they came to a dead halt, from some reason unaccountable to the pursued, who could not distinguish what was passing in the distance.

The lovers, while the pursuit was continued, kept looking out on either side of the carriage, as it rocked and swayed in its rapid progress along the rough road; but when it ceased, they withdrew by common consent, as it were, from contemplation of outward things, and addressed themselves to the enjoyment of the moment.

Denzil Harcourt's handsome though saturnine face was lit up with a smile of triumph and eager joy, as the young girl sank into his arms, and laying her head on his breast, sobbed violently.

"Clara, dearest," he said, in a low and tender voice, "why weep now, when the danger is past?"

She still clung there.

"I am not weeping at the danger," she said; "I am weeping for joy to think that we have escaped."

Poor girl! she thought only of the roses—nothing of the thorns.

And so they sat for hours, until the green fields had merged into the towns, and the towns into the villages, and the coming presence of the great Babylon was indicated by the immense clouds of smoke which were visible in the horizon, and the

distant hum and the disappearance of everything green.

Yet the distinction was scarcely discernible to Clara Arbuthnot; for in the fullness of her young heart she only thought of the exquisite pleasure she experienced from the fact that she was pressed in Denzil's arms, and was soon to be his own for ever.

On the banks of the river Thames, on the Middlesex side, some distance above Vauxhall bridge, stood an old house.

From its peculiar aspect and construction, it formed a landmark or milestone for the bargemen, who slowly floated up and down in their clumsy boats, on the muddy surface of the river.

For the side which faced the river was built out on piles over the water, and the red brick wall stared the navigators full in the face, without a window to enliven and lighten its gloomy appearance.

On the landward side it looked quite as dismal, and much more dilapidated.

For the house was enclosed by a high brick wall, through the iron gateway of which the passer-by might catch glimpses of the tottering chimney-stack; the roof, from which the tiles were dropping one by one; the window-frames rotten and broken; the door, with its rusty iron knocker and blistered paint; the blackened, smoky walls, from which the once carefully trained vine had dropped, as if in disgust at the neglect it had experienced.

The garden was gone to decay; the flower beds were choked with weeds; the lawn appeared not to have been mown for many years, and was overgrown with a long, dark vegetation, and the gravel walk was covered with green moss.

It was a large house, and contained a great many apartments.

But it stood for a long time uninhabited, and various rumors were circulated as to the reason.

The superstitious said that the house was haunted; the more morbid-minded said that terrible crimes had been committed there, and that gory stains marked the floor.

Great, therefore, was the surprise of the neighbors when one day two huge vans, laden with furniture, drove up to the gate, and, after some delay, were admitted by an old man, who brought the rusty key in his hand.

But the drivers and attendant men refused to give any information about the house, although they were strictly cross-examined by the publican who supplied them with beer.

From that time, three rooms in the old house were furnished.

The old drawing-room, and its dull, paneled walls, were once more lit up by the cheerful light of a fire; and the large apartment looked splendid with its luxurious easy chairs, sofas, pictures, and Brussels carpets.

One of the bedrooms, too, was furnished in a most magnificent style, with every luxury and convenience that could invite sleep and make dark night pleasant.

Another bedroom was fitted up more plainly, being intended for a servant.

So that the old house was to be again inhabited was a matter of profound speculation to the neighbors, and no one seemed able to solve the mystery.

It was at the door of this house that the carriage containing Denzil Harcourt and Clara Arbuthnot drew up about four in the afternoon.

It was growing dark, yet Clara could see, as she glanced from the carriage window, how gloomy and dismal were the walls, and how old and dilapidated was its general appearance.

She could see, too, the muddy river beyond—more wretched-looking from the fact that it was low water, and that mud islands showed themselves in its centre, while great wastes of ooze and slime constituted its banks.

An involuntary shudder passed through the frame of Clara Arbuthnot as Denzil handed her down from the carriage, and led her through the wild and tangled garden into the house.

"Where is this, Denzil?" she asked, timidly.

"This is my house, dearest!" he said. "It is a little out of repair, but that will soon be remedied."

"But the church, Denzil? Remember, you promised we were to be married before I entered your home!"

Denzil smiled.

"Poor little dove!" he said; "why, we could not be married at any church so late as this! In my drawing-room a priest is waiting; in a few moments we shall be man and wife."

As he spoke, he led her into the drawing-room, where a tall man, attired in a black suit and a white "choker," stood leaning over the fire.

He was a young man, with very light hair, a sallow complexion, and restless eyes.

He bowed lowly and respectfully as the couple entered.

"You are late, Mr. Harcourt!" he said. "I had begun to fear that some accident had happened."

Denzil smiled.

"No," he said; "we were pursued; but our enemies gave it up as a bad job, and here we are."

The priest now lost no time; and in less than half an hour the solemn ceremony had been read, and the ring placed on Clara's finger, and the trio had drawn up to the fire, awaiting dinner.

When, after dinner and coffee, the priest left the newly-married pair together, he contrived to slip a piece of paper into Clara's hand, and to whisper, "Keep this secret—it may be of use to you in the future!"

When Clara retired to the nuptial chamber that night, she eagerly scanned the paper.

It was the marriage certificate.

What could the Rev. John Tollemache mean?

LAST February Mr. Jefferson Davis was urging his armies to "whip the Yankee spaniels back to their kennels." That sentiment he must now feel to be unworthy of his gown.

#### OFF DUTY.

BEAR him gently along o'er the blood-crimsoned sod,

His spirit has passed to its giver;  
With unfaltering feet late the green turf he trod,  
And now he's "off duty" for ever.

Smooth back the damp locks from the cold, pallid brow

Of him who to slumber you leaving,  
Bear him lightly along though he'll heed you not now,

Nor waken for sorrow or grieving.  
May the soft breezes blow and the bright flowers wave

In the pride of their freshness and beauty;  
And the birds of the summer-time sing o'er the grave

Of the soldier of Union "off duty."

Oh, lower him tenderly down to his rest,  
And smooth the bright green turf above him,

How still is the heart in the warrior's breast,  
No wild storm of battle can move him,

How nobly he fought in his strength and his pride

'Mid the roar of the batteries' thunder.  
Lay him silently down near the spot where he died,

The turf of the battlefield under.  
May the soft breezes blow and the bright flowers wave

In the pride of their freshness and beauty,  
And the birds of the summer-time sing o'er the grave

Of the soldier of Union "off duty."

May-be far away in some fair Northern home  
They wait for the soldier who's sleeping;

They will wait and will watch for their hero to come,

Till watching is turned into weeping,  
They will wait and they'll weep for the one that they love,

Who far on the battlefield's lying,<br



THE ROXBURY TRAGEDY.—POSITION OF THE BODY OF MISS ISABELLA N. JOYCE, WHEN FIRST DISCOVERED AFTER THE MURDER IN BUSSEY'S WOODS, WEST ROXBURY, MASS.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. ROBERT D. WILKIE.

#### THE ROXBURY TRAGEDY.

The atrocious tragedy which took place in Roxbury, Mass., on the 12th ult., involving the death of John S. and Isabella N. Joyce—the former twelve, the latter fifteen years of age—has, as might naturally be expected, produced a profound impression of sadness and indignation in the public mind. That in a civilized, Christian community, there should live human beings capable of such cruelly savage and fiendish deeds, is almost past belief.

The circumstances of the double murder are briefly as follows: the mother of the children left her residence in Boston early on the morning of the fatal day, for West

Roxbury, with the intention of remaining absent from her home three days. She placed her children in charge of their grandmother, who lived on the corner of Newland and Concord streets, Boston. On the day of the murder, Master John S. Joyce went to school as usual, but came home at 11 o'clock in the morning, to go with his sister to May's woods, she having expressed a wish to see if these woods were as lovely as those in Lynn. They were furnished by their grandmother with sufficient change to enable them to pay their fares, and left the roof of that beloved grandparent in high glee, little thinking of the terrible fate awaiting them. It is supposed, that instead of taking the Warren street car, which would have carried them near May's woods, the

children took the Forest Hill car, and went to Bussey's woods by mistake, where, during the afternoon, they were murdered by some unknown fiend, who, previous to taking the lives of the children, violated the person of the girl.

The monster who committed the murder, literally cut the children in pieces. The wounds on the person of the girl—twenty-seven in number—were in different places, extending from the hips to the breast-bone, and one or two on the back. From an examination of the body, Dr. Stedman was led to infer that but one person was engaged in the outrage. The wounds were deep, and were made evidently by the same instrument that killed the boy. The young girl must have made a des-

perate struggle to free herself from the hands of the villain, as the leaves and ground near the rock are clotted with blood, from the twenty-seven wounds received upon her body, from a large dirk knife, sixteen of them being upon her back. The excitement is intense in the vicinity of the murder, and hundreds of sympathizing people visit Bussey's woods daily, many of them decorating the spot where the children lost their lives, with flowers. Suspicion rests on several parties as knowing something in connection with the crime, and several arrests have been made.

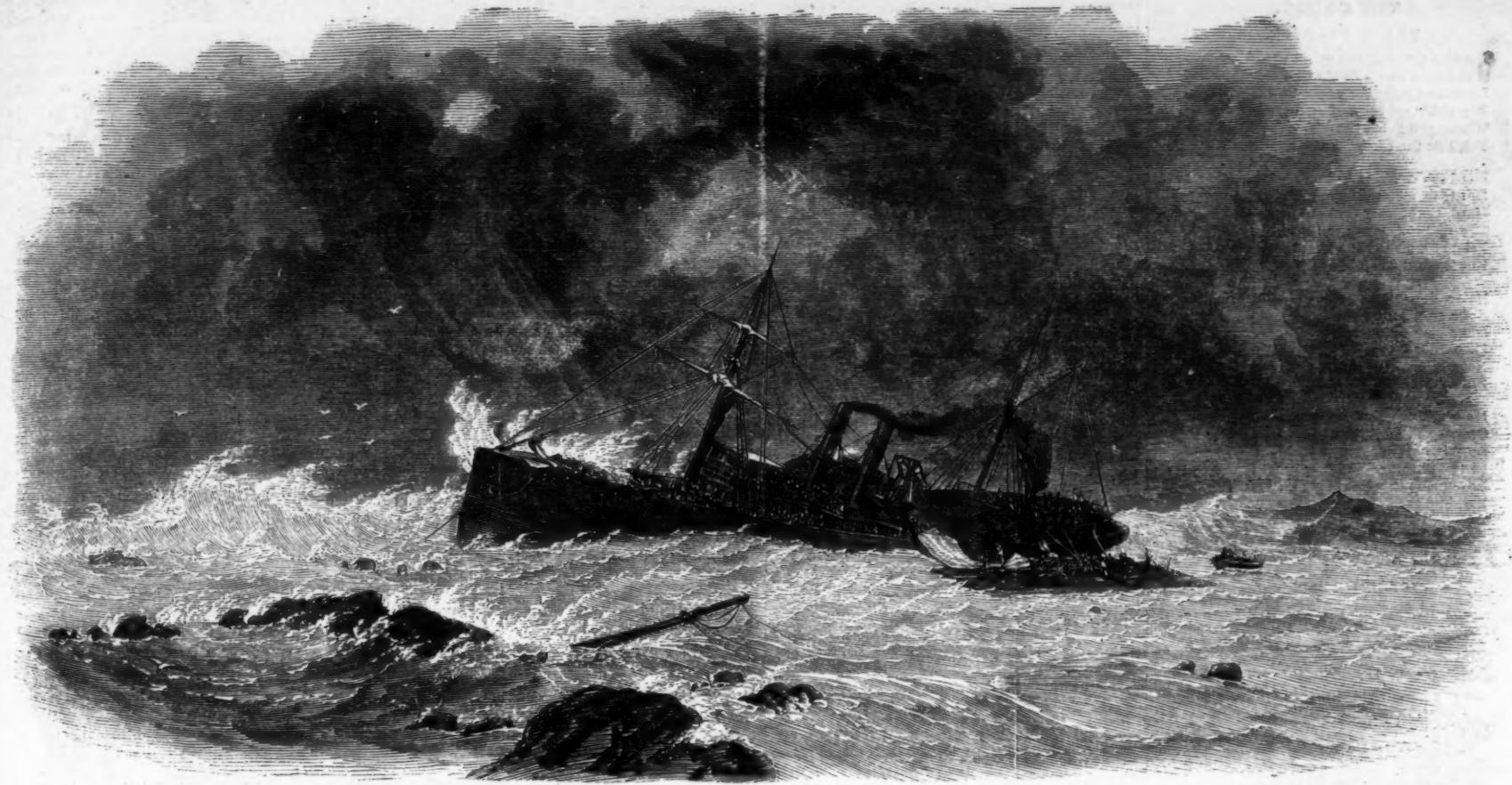
The following letter from our special artist, gives some additional particulars concerning the tragedy:



ROXBURY TRAGEDY.—POSITION OF THE BODY OF JOHN S. JOYCE, BROTHER OF ISABELLA, WHEN FIRST DISCOVERED AFTER THE MURDER IN BUSSEY'S WOODS.



THE ROXBURY TRAGEDY.—APPEARANCE OF THE SPOT, AS DECORATED BY SYMPATHIZING VISITORS, WHERE THE BODY OF MISS ISABELLA N. JOYCE WAS FOUND.—SKETCHED BY ROBERT D. WILKIE.



LOSS OF THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY'S STEAMSHIP GOLDEN RULE, CAPT. DENNIS, ON BONCADOR REEF, CARIBBEAN SEA, MAY 30.—FROM A SKETCH BY A PASSENGER.

BOSTON, June 23d, 1865.

MR. LESLIE—I send you some most interesting sketches concerning the recent murder; they are correct in every particular—as far as the land and woods, and position of the bodies as found, are concerned. On reaching the spot yesterday, I was unfortunately pre-

around, expressive of the shocking agony the unfortunate young girl must have suffered. The body of the brother was found in the spot which I have represented, lying on his face, evidently dragged there after the dastardly deed was done. The place is very swampy, with small pools of standing water; this spot is some distance from the murder scene of the sister. The public road runs

THERE is an allegorical story current, that once, immediately after Theodore Parker had parted from Ralph Waldo Emerson, on the road to Boston, a crazy Millerite encountered Parker, and cried, "Sir, do you know the world is coming to an end?" Upon which Parker replied: "My good man, that doesn't con-

simple method of preserving small quantities of ice which he has practised with success. Put the ice in a deep dish or jug, cover it with a plate, place the vessel on a pillow stuffed with feathers, and cover the top with another pillow carefully, by this means excluding the external air. Feathers are, it is well known, bad conductors of heat, and in consequence the ice is pre-



THE PASSENGERS LEAVING THE STEAMSHIP GOLDEN RULE ON RAFTS FOR THE ISLAND OF BONCADOR.—FROM A SKETCH BY A PASSENGER.



DEPARTURE OF THE U. S. GUNBOATS HUNTSVILLE AND STATE OF GEORGIA FROM ASPINWALL, TO RESCUE THE PASSENGERS OF THE GOLDEN RULE.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER.

vented from making more than one sketch, on account of a severe thunder-storm, so had to go again this morning, and found that some kind hands had placed a wreath of flowers on the spot where the poor girl's head had rested, and beneath was strewn in a circle a profuse quantity of flowers, which completely hid from view the blood-saturated moss and leaves which lie crushed

ning directly behind the ledge of rocks, you will note slanting up behind the wreath in the ketch. The whole affair is wrapped in the most profound mystery, and unnumbered police are working night and day on it. Arrests are still continuing, to what effect remains to be seen. In haste, yours obediently,

ROBERT WILKIE.

cern me, I live in Boston." The same fanatic, overtaking Emerson, announced in the same terms the approach of the end of the world; upon which, Emerson replied: "I am glad of it, sir; man will get along much better without it!"

DR. SCHWARZ communicates the following

served from melting." Dr. Schwarz states that he has thus preserved six pounds of ice for eight days. The plan is simple, and within the reach of every household.

WHAT letter is it that is never used more than twice in America?—Letter A, of course.



THE SHIPWRECKED PASSENGERS OF THE GOLDEN RULE CAMPING ON THE ISLAND OF BONCADOR.

## THE CROSS.

BY C. G. ROSENBERG.

He who through the world would go  
Stainless with its dust and woe,  
Like the Christ the cross must bear—  
The gall must taste—the thorn must wear,  
Whose points his throbbing forehead tear—  
Yet, like the Christ, know no despair.

Hard the riddle is to know—  
Hard, unsolved through life to go—  
Hard, that heavy cross to bear—  
The gall to taste—the thorn to wear  
Yet not a bird that wings the air,  
But sings the riddle's answer there.

Not a flower on earth can blow—  
Not a single fountain flow—  
Not a single corn-blade bare  
Its tender green to ray and air—  
Not one green leaf the sunshine share,  
But must that riddle's key declare.

He who through the world will go  
Open-eyed, may shun the woe.  
Love is working everywhere—  
In tree, in wave, in herb, in air;  
Love alone the cross may bear,  
Yet, like the Christ, know no despair.

## ONLY A CLOD.

BY M. E. BRADDON.

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "ELEANOR'S VICTORY," "AURORA FLOYD," "JOHN MARCH-MONT'S LEGACY," "THE DOCTOR'S WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXXI.—CONTINUED.

The drive from Twickenham to Stuccoville is not a very long one; and Mrs. Tredethlyn's bays got over the ground at a pace that did credit to the judgment of Mr. Lowther, who had chosen the animals for his friend. It was nearly nine o'clock when the barouche drew up before the doric colonnade, which imparted a funeral darkness to Maude's dining-room; and before the three ladies could alight, a handsome cab dashed up to the curbstone, a pair of slamming doors were flung open, and Francis Tredethlyn sprang out upon the pavement.

His wife's face flushed crimson, and then grew deadly pale. She turned to Rosa Grunderson, and murmured in faint, broken accents:

"Will you dine with us, Rosa? or shall Martin drive you home?"

"Thank you, my darling," Miss Grunderson, answered promptly; "I think I'll come in just for a few moments."

Maude alighted and entered the hall. Francis had handed her from the carriage, and followed her into the house. He threw away his cigar as he stepped into the hall, and approached his wife, radiant with good spirits and perfumed with tobacco.

"I'm so glad you've come home," he said. "I thought you were going to dine with the governor, and that I should have to sit in that dreary room all by myself, with only Landseer's staghounds to keep me company; though if half the people one calls company were as much alive as *they* are, a dinner-party wouldn't be such a dismal business as it is. Of course you haven't dined—no more have I; and unfortunately there doesn't seem to be any dinner," added Mr. Tredethlyn, as he opened the door and looked into the dining-room, where the table was blank and ghastly under the faint glimmer of gas. "No one was expected, I suppose? However, they can get us something. Geoffreys, just see about dinner, will you? How do you do, Miss Grunderson? I dare say you are hungry after your drive. Are you going upstairs, Maude?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Tredethlyn.

The syllable had a startling effect as it fell from her lips, like one solitary drop of hail falling suddenly on a summer day.

"I am going upstairs," said Miss Desmond confidentially to Rosa; "will you come with me and take off your things?"

"No, thanks, dear," answered Miss Grunderson, who would have endured tortures rather than say "thank you," when fashion required that she should say "thanks." "I don't think I will take off my things. Mrs. Tredethlyn doesn't seem very well, and it's almost too late for dinner; so I think I'll just go up to the morning-room and rest for a few minutes before I go home. The carriage need not be kept, you know, please," added Miss Grunderson to a male domestic hovering in the shadowy depths of the hall; "for I can have a cab fetched when I want to go."

Mr. Tredethlyn had followed his wife to the drawing-rooms; and the two girls standing at the foot of the staircase heard one of the doors close with a sonorous bang.

Miss Desmond went upstairs, and Miss Grunderson followed slowly. The morning-room of which Rosa had spoken was on the second floor, but the young lady did not go any further than the first landing-place. The door of the front drawing-room was closed, but the door of the back drawing-room stood wide open, and peering into the lighted apartment, Rosa saw that it was quite empty. She paused for a moment, looked about her, and then went quietly into the back drawing-room, and closed the door very softly behind her.

Francis Tredethlyn followed his wife to the drawing-room because that one frozen syllable, together with the strange expression of her face, had been quite enough to tell him that something was wrong.

"Maude," he said, as he closed the drawing-room door, "you speak to me and look at me as if you were offended. And yet I have no consciousness of having done anything to displease you."

Mrs. Tredethlyn looked at her husband with an

impassive contempt; not the cool scorn which is akin to indifference, but rather a passionate disdainfulness. Taking into consideration the fact that Maude did not care for her husband, all this feminine rage seemed a sad waste of feeling.

"Do not add hypocrisy to the wrong that you have done me," said Mrs. Tredethlyn. "I have been most cruelly awakened this day to a knowledge of the life you have been leading—ever since our marriage. I cannot speak of this subject; it is too horrible; I think the words would choke me. I thought that I should have been able to write what I had to tell you; but since I have been so unfortunate as to meet you, I may as well say with my own lips what I meant to have said in a letter. It is very little. I have only to tell you that from this moment we must be strangers to each other. After my discoveries of to-day, I should consider myself a base and degraded creature if I ever suffered your hand to touch mine in friendship again. The obligation of my father's debt to you must rest upon him henceforward, and not upon me."

"But, Maude, explain yourself! your discovery of to-day, you say! What discovery?"

"Your affection of unconsciousness is a deeper insult than your—No, I will not discuss this subject with you!" cried Maude, passionately. "It is shameful—it is cruel—that I should have been wronged so basely, when I trusted you so completely. Do not speak to me; do not touch me!" she exclaimed, shrinking away from him with a shudder; your presence inspires me with disgust and abhorrence. Why do you make any poor pretence of inhabiting this house, which has only afforded you an ostensible shelter, while your amusements and your friends have been found elsewhere? I set you free from this hour, Mr. Tredethlyn. Seek for happiness after your own fashion—where you please. I have nothing more to say to you."

She swept from the room before her husband could arrest her. Unspeakably bewildered by her passionate words, which were almost meaningless to him, Francis Tredethlyn stood motionless as a statue a few paces from the doorway by which his wife had just left him. He was standing thus when the voluminous curtains which were drawn across the archway between the drawing-rooms were cautiously divided, and a plump little figure in blue muslin appeared amongst the amber drapery. The Cornishman heard the rustling, and turned abruptly towards the *portière*.

"Yes," exclaimed Miss Grunderson, "it's me; no, it's I—yes, and I've been listening," continued the young lady, answering Mr. Tredethlyn's inquiring stare. "But do say that you forgive me, please, and believe that I meant it for the best," pleaded Rosa, whose diction was apt to become rather obscure under the influence of excitement.

"What, in heaven's name, does it all mean, Miss Grunderson?" asked Francis, piteously.

"Goodness gracious knows—I don't; but it's very certain there is something wrong, and whatever it is, that Mr. Lowther is at the bottom of it."

"Harcourt Lowther?"

"Yes. My pa hears a great deal of gossip at the Bell and—clubs, and such places; and he always tells me every thing he hears. And oh, Mr. Tredethlyn, if you knew how long I have wished to speak my mind to you, I am sure you would forgive me for listening just now."

"My dear Miss Grunderson, what could you have to say to me?" asked the bewildered Cornishman.

"Oh, lots of things. But then you know the grand maxim in society is that you mustn't speak your mind. But to-night the climax has come, and I must speak. Oh, you poor dear thing!" cried Rosa, in a sudden outburst of sympathy, "how you and your wife have been talked about!"

"Talked about!—by whom, when, and where?"

"By everybody, always, everywhere. You don't know—that you ought to know, if you ever listened to what was going on around you—how people do talk. They've talked about your dissipation, the hours you have kept, the places you have been seen at, the people you have been seen with—about your coming home in hansom cabs in the middle of the night; and I think if quieter vehicles could be invented for people who stay out late, or at least the doors made to open differently, there wouldn't be so much scandal. They've talked about your getting *tipsy*," exclaimed Rosa, shaking her head solemnly, and laying a tremendous stress upon the obnoxious word; "and they've said you were drinking yourself into an early grave, and that Harcourt Lowther was lending you on to your death in order that he might marry your wife afterwards."

"Harcourt led me—to my death—and—marry Maude! oh, no, no, no; it is too horrible!" gasped Francis, staring at Miss Grunderson, with his head clasped in his hands, and big beads of perspiration upon his brow.

"I know it is," answered Rosa; "but they say it; and you must own it was not a wise thing for you to be so very intimate with a man who was engaged to your wife before you married her."

"Engaged to my wife! Who was engaged to my wife?"

"Why, Harcourt Lowther, of course! Didn't you know all about it?"

"No, so help me heaven!"

Miss Grunderson looked very grave. All that she had said had been spoken in perfect good faith; but, all at once, she began to see that mischief might come of this free utterance of her thoughts.

"I thought that you knew it," she stammered, in considerable confusion, "or I'm sure I should never have said one word about—"

"How did you come to know it?" asked Francis, turning fiercely upon the terrified Rosa.

"Miss Desmond told me."

"It is a lie, a malicious lie, invented by Julia Desmond!"

"I dare say it is something in the way of a story," responded Miss Grunderson, who was very anxious to extinguish the sudden conflagration which her unconscious hand had fired; "people

do tell such stories, you know; not that I think Miss Desmond would speak so positively unless—but I'm sure if Mrs. Tredethlyn was ever engaged to Mr. Lowther she had quite forgotten him when she married you; only, if it was so, I don't think it was quite honorable of him to be so friendly with you without telling you all about it."

"Yes," he thought, as he sank moodily down into the nearest chair, and covered his face with his hands, as heedless of Miss Grunderson's presence as if that young lady had been one of her father's cabbages—"yes, it is no lie of Julia Desmond's. A hundred recollections arise in my mind to bear witness to its truth. Maude's confession about the some one whom she had loved, but whose poverty was a hindrance to a marriage with her. Harcourt Lowther's letters from that beautiful heiress, whose father's wealth stood between him and happiness. I knew that they had known each before he sailed for Van Diemen's Land; but I believed him implicitly when he told me casually one day that they had never been more than the most indifferent acquaintances. O, God of heaven! what a fool I have been; and how clearly I can see my folly, now when it is too late! False wife, false friend! so deeply, fondly loved, so blindly trusted."

"Miss Grunderson," said Francis, presently, "whatever the world may have said against Harcourt Lowther, it is a false and lying world if it ever slandered the goodness and purity of my wife."

"I know that," answered Rosa, becoming energetic once more; "for of all the sweet darlings that ever were, she's the sweetest and the dearest. And how should she know that people made nasty disagreeable remarks about Mr. Lowther's always happening to go to the parties she went to, and calling here oftener than other people, and so on—"

"He went to parties!" cried Francis. "He told me that he hated parties; that he scarcely went anywhere."

"Ah, but he did, though; and it has been his flirting way—not the things he has said, you know; but his way of saying them; his *impresstrong*, you know, that has caused those ill-natured remarks about Mr. Tredethlyn. Nothing sets people talking like *impresstrong*."

Francis did not answer. Little by little the mists cleared away from his mental vision; and he saw that Harcourt Lowther had been from first to last the subtlest schemer who ever plotted the ruin of an honest blockhead.

"I have thought—when my tempter gave me time to think—that it was Maude's coldness alone which separated us; but I know now that it was the schemer's work from first to last. She did not love me. O heaven, have pity upon my poor tortured heart. She loved him perhaps; but I might have had some little chance of winning her love if I had remained at her feet—her slave, her worshiper; but he has held me away from her, and now she abhors me. She has no feeling but disgust and disdain for the wretch who has abandoned her to waste his days on a race-course, his nights in the drunken orgies of a gaming-house."

"If Maude had loved me," Francis argued, brooding moodily upon his wrongs, "my money need have brought me no misery; my ignorance would have beguiled me into no danger. Her voice would have regulated my life; her counsel would have prompted every action. Her smallest wish would have been my law. And it would have been very hard if the companionship of a lady had not in time transformed me into a gentleman. But what are the people with whom I have herded since my marriage—the acquaintances whom Harcourt Lowther has chosen for me."

"I thank you heartily," he said at last to Miss Grunderson, "for having spoken so frankly to me; it is only right that I should be acquainted with the common talk about the man whose hand I have clasped in friendship almost every day for the last twelve months. But I hope you will believe that, whatever Mr. Lowther may or may not be, my wife is good and pure, and worthy of the warmest affection you can feel for her. Your warmth of feeling has touched me deeply, Miss Grunderson. I have been living in so false an atmosphere lately, that I must be dull indeed if I were not affected by your friendly candor. If—if anything should happen to separate Maude and me, I should be very glad to think she had such a friend as you. And—if ever you saw her trusting, as I have trusted, in the truth and honor of Harcourt Lowther, you would stand between her and that dangerous adviser, that false friend—would you not, Miss Grunderson?"

"I would," answered Rosa valiantly; "I should speak my mind to her and to Mr. Lowther into the bargain, as candidly as I have spoken it to you to-night."

"I believe you would," said Francis; "and now, my dear, God bless you, and good-night."

He held out both his hands and clasped Rosa's pudgy little paws in a brief grasp, and then strode past her on his way towards the door.

"You're not going out to-night, are you, Mr. Tredethlyn?" she asked anxiously, "it is so very late."

Poor little Rosa was rather alarmed by that resolute stride towards the door, which might only be the first step in some ghastly vengeance to be taken upon Harcourt Lowther by the stalwart Cornishman.

"I am only going to my room to write a letter," answered Mr. Tredethlyn; "shall I order my wife's carriage for you?"

"No, thank you; as our house is so near, I think I'll ask one of your servants to see me home," replied Rosa, who had no idea of leaving the ground just yet. "I'll run up to Mrs. Tredethlyn's room and say good-by. Shall I take her any message from you?"

"None, thank you; good-night." "Good-night."

CHAPTER XXXII.—THE LADY AT PETERSHAM.

The letter which Francis Tredethlyn wrote in his

study was a long one—a very painful one to write, as it seemed from the face of the writer, and the weary sigh which every now and then escaped from his lips, as his hurrying pen paused for a moment. It was close upon ten o'clock when he began the letter. The clock chimed the half hour after eleven while he was sealing it. He addressed the envelope, and then threw himself back in his chair to think. He had so much to think of. Maude's extraordinary conduct, Rosa Grunderson's revelation, had overthrown the whole fabric of his life; and he found himself surrounded by ruins, whose utter chaos he could not contemplate without bewilderment.

For the last few weeks his thoughts had been almost exclusively devoted to his cousin Susan and her wrongs. She had a sad story to tell her cousin. The missing link in the chain that Francis Tredethlyn had put together, piece by piece, was the letter which had been written from St. Petersburg by the man whom Susan had loved and trusted—the man whose diary had revealed to Francis the utter worthlessness of his character.

Robert Lesley's letter was only a worthy companion to Robert Lesley's diary. In it he coldly and deliberately told the girl who loved him, that she was not his wife; that the Marylebone marriage was no marriage; the registrar no recognised official, but a scoundrel hired for a twenty-pound note to play the part of that functionary; that the registrar's office had been no office, but a lodging-house parlor hired for the occasion, and half-a-dozen doors from the real office. This statement was, of course, accompanied by the usual heartless sophistries which run so glibly from the pen, or fall so smoothly from the lips of an utterly heartless man. The self-confessed betrayer pleaded the madness of an all-absorbing love, the stern necessities of well-bred poverty, the pressure of family circumstances, the fear of a father's rage; and then, in conclusion, the writer stated the pitiful stipend which he was prepared to offer to the woman he had abandoned and the child he had disowned.

Susan showed her cousin this letter, and told him how, after receiving it, her mind had almost given way under the burden of her great agony. Then it was that she had gone to Mrs. Burfield, and had written to her father a long letter, telling him something of her story, but not all, appealing piteously to the only friend to whom she could appeal, for faithful Frank was far away in some unknown country. She told her cousin how she had waited, at first with a faint sickly hope, then with a blank despair, for some answer from the father to whom she had appealed. But none came; and when her little stock of money had sunk to its lowest ebb, she left the dull quiet of Coltonslough to begin a weary, lonely, struggle for bread, which had endured, without one ray of sunlight to illumine its blank misery, until the summer Sunday afternoon on which Francis Tredethlyn found her sitting in the nurse's cottage with her boy in her arms.

It was so sad a story, and so sadly common, that there is little need to dwell upon the unvarnished record of a woman's battle with poverty in the heart of a great city.

"Perhaps I ought to think myself very happy, Francis," Susan said, when she had told her story, "for I was always able to pay the nurse somehow for the care of my darling; and the deadly fear of not being able to do that was the worst trouble I knew in all that dreary time. I have been face to face with starvation, Frank, very often within the last two years, but it is not so terrible when one is used to it. I have sometimes thought that bitter struggle for my daily bread was only a blessing in disguise, for it kept me from brooding upon my great sorrow—it sometimes shut out from me the thought of Robert's cruelty and my own disgrace."

"Disgrace!" cried the Cornishman; "no, Susan, there is no shadow of disgrace upon you, except the disgrace of being united to a scoundrel and a liar. The marriage before the registrar was a *bona fide* marriage, as binding as if it had been performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury."

And then Francis told Susan of his visit to the registrar's office. This was the balm which he was able to pour into the deepest wound that ever tortured a woman's heart. But the identity of the husband who had lied in denouncing himself a liar was entirely unknown to Susan. In all the familiar intercourse of the brief period in which the trusting girl had been a petted and happy wife, Robert Lesley had not let fall one careless word relating in the remotest way to his position in life, his family or his prospects. When first consulted by Francis upon the contents of the diary, Messrs. Kursdale & Scardon had instituted an inquiry as to whether a Mr. Robert Lesley had been inscribed on the books of St. Boniface any time between 1845 and 1852; and the answer had been in the negative. No person of the name had been a member of that college within the last ten years. Francis could only conclude, therefore, that Mrs. Burfield had been right in her supposition that the man calling himself Robert Lesley shielded his identity under a false name.

"But your husband was visited by his brother, was he not, Susan?" when this subject was discussed between the cousins.

"Yes; but I know no more of Robert's brother than of Robert himself. He did not come to us often. I have heard that he was a lawyer—a barister, I think—and that he lived in the Temple. I heard even that by accident, and Robert seemed almost vexed that I should know so much."

All these trifling circumstances seemed to point inevitably to one conclusion: Robert Lesley had intended from the first to abandon his wife, whenever his own interests rendered it advisable that he should throw off the tie that bound him to her. Love and selfishness go very badly hand-in-hand together; and love had soon left selfishness sole master of the field.

"But this man shall be made to acknowledge

his wife, to give a name to his child," cried Francis, "if he can be found."

"If my husband is alive, Providence may throw him across my path some day," Susan said resignedly. "He could not be more dead to me than he is now, if he were buried in the deepest grave that ever held the ashes of the lost; but if he gave my boy the name that is his right, I think I could forgive him all the past."

It was quite in vain that Francis Tredethlyn sought to carry his cousin and her son home to his own house.

"I am used to poverty, Francis," she said; "let me be poor still. Nobody is inquisitive about me, because I am beneath people's curiosity. No one questions me about the husband who has deserted me, or extorts my story from me only to doubt it when it is told. My father would not believe me; can I expect strangers to be more trusting than he was? No, Francis; leave me alone in my obscurity. I have a lodging near here, and I can see my darling every day. I will freely accept from you a little income which will enable me to live as I have lived, without working as hard as I have worked; but I will accept no more. I am delighted to think that my father left his fortune to you, Frank; and I thank and bless you for having taken so much trouble to find me out."

Francis Tredethlyn found it hard work to win Susan away from this determination, so quietly expressed. But he did at last persuade her to agree to his own plans for her life, on condition that he should tell Maude nothing, nor ask Susan to meet her until the missing husband was found and compelled to acknowledge his wife and son. Francis consented to promise this; but he cherished a hope that Susan would relent by-and-by, when she heard more of Maude's tender and amiable nature, and that he would be able to win his wife's friendship for the simple country girl, who had played with him amongst the daisies in Landersdale churchyard.

Susan consented to let her cousin do what he liked with regard to the place in which she was to live henceforward. What mother could refuse a bright home for the child she loves?

Energetic though Mr. Tredethlyn was in the carrying out of his arrangements, Susan had been established little more than a week at the cottage, and the paint on the Venetian shutters was still rather sticky, when Harcourt Lowther found the upholsterer's bill, which gave him the clue to his pupil's mysterious conduct. To hasten down to Petersham, find the cottage, refresh himself with dry sherry and soda-water at the nearest tavern was all incomparably easy to Mr. Lowther. From the landlord he had heard all about Brook Cottage. How it had been to let for nearly a twelvemonth; how it had been taken all in a hurry at the end of May by a dashing-looking gentleman from town, who had been reported scouring the neighborhood in hansom cabs, inquiring for houses to let, at three days at a stretch; how painters and glaziers, carpenters and gardeners, had set to work, in hot haste, to renew and revivify everything indoors and out; how wagon-loads of the finest gravel from Wimbledon, and cart-loads of the finest turf from Ham, had been laid down in the garden; how furniture, that was every bit of it new, had been brought down from London; how the tall, dashing, energetic gentleman in the handsome cab had been perpetually on the ground with his officious finger for ever in the pie; and how larger cans of half-and-half had been consumed by the workmen at the cost of the dashing gentleman than the landlord of the Prince's Feathers remembered to have chalked up against any one customer since he had traded as a licensed victualler.

All this Mr. Lowther was told; and beyond this, he heard how a lady, very pretty and quite young, but a little pale and worn-looking, had arrived at last to take possession of "the prettiest little box that was ever put together, without regard to expense;" how she was attended by an elderly female in black, who had evidently seen better days, and who acted as nurse to little boy; how two respectable women had been hired in the neighborhood, to act as cook and housemaid, and how, coming regularly to the Feathers in quest of the kitchen-beer, they had already reported their mistress as the sweetest and pleasantest of ladies, and first cousin to the dashing gentleman in the hansom cab. The landlord tried to look as if he had no uncharitable thoughts about this cousinship; but Harcourt Lowther saw that Francis Tredethlyn and the lady had been subjects of grave scandal in that quiet country-place. He heard that the dashing gentleman had been at Petersham almost every day for the last week; and that he and the lady passed the greater part of their time in the garden, where they might be seen at any time from the highroad—the gentleman smoking and playing with the little boy, and the lady working, at a rustic table, under a mulberry tree. A potboy, coming in from his rounds as Harcourt lounged at the bar, confirmed the landlord's statement when appealed to. He had passed Brook Cottage not five minutes before, and had seen the lady and gentleman talking to a gardener, who was doing something to a rose tree.

"She's a rare one for flowers, the lady is," the potboy said in conclusion.

A rare one for flowers, Harcourt Lowther mused gravely.

"Secrecy is only another name for guilt," thought Mr. Lowther. "Our friend has gone to the bad in real earnest this time, and I can make a coup. I was getting very tired of the slow game."

Armed with this information, the schemer went back to town, to take his place in Maude's opera-box, and to lead up to that idea of a morning at the Cedars, which seemed to originate in Mrs. Tredethlyn's own brain. Chance had been constant to the schemer even in that interview between Francis and Ross; for it happened that, in all Miss Grunderson's candid outpourings, she had not dropped a word about Mrs. Tredethlyn's stroll in the Petersham meadows; though, even

if she had done so, the Cornishman might have been very slow to perceive that an accidental glimpse of himself and gentle Susie, in friendly companionship, could have been the primary cause of that stormy greeting which he had received at the hands of his wife. Francis accepted his wife's passionate outbursts as only the climax of the disgust and weariness with which he had inspired her.

"She repr'ches me for the life I have been leading late," he said bitterly; "but she does not understand her own feelings. It is not my life, but me she hates. It is myself that inspires the loathing and contempt which she talked of, and not my late hours or my gambling and horse-racing."

After sitting for some time plunged in a gloomy reverie, in the dreary library, the little black-marble clock on the mantel-piece chimed a quarter after twelve; he felt in his waistcoat-pocket for a note which he had found waiting for him, on his table, the previous night. It was a tiny twisted note from Harcourt Lowther.

"DEAR FRANK.—A line to remind you of tomorrow night. You will be expected any time of after nine.

Yours always,

"H. L."

This reminder referred to a bachelor's supper which Mr. Lowther had arranged at his lodgings—a party at which there was to be what the host called a quiet rubber. Francis looked from the clock on the chimney-piece to the scrap of paper in his hand; hesitated for a few moments, with a black frown upon his face, and the started hastily from his lounging attitude, and looked about for his hat.

"There couldn't be a better opportunity," he muttered, "for saying what I want to say to him."

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.—A HASTY RECKONING.

HARCOURT LOWTHER had never played so bad a rubber as that with which he beguiled the evening while waiting Francis Tredethlyn's appearance at the little bachelor-party assembled in his rooms.

He was thinking of Maude.

Was he near his triumph? He had been playing for two stakes—the woman he loved and the fortune he envied. He knew Maude Tredethlyn well enough to know that so long as her husband lived she was as far beyond his reach as the stars which shone down upon him as he walked home from Stuccooville, and of whose light he thought so little. Maude, as the daughter of an insolvent trader, was a lovely being whom he had felt no reluctance to resign; for he had looked forward, with a horrible foresight, to the day when the girl he loved should be again within his reach, no longer as a penniless spinster, but a wealthy widow. This had been the goal which Harcourt had seen at the end of that weary road along which he conducted the young man who trusted him. No physician ever watched a patient more intently than Mr. Lowther watched the slow undermining of the Cornishman's glorious constitution under the influence of late hours and hard drinking.

Before twelve o'clock Mr. Lowther had abandoned his place at the whist-table to his brother; and after lounging behind the chair of a young man who was playing *écarté*, and making a random bet now and then, the host proposed supper—a proposition which was received very warmly by the men who were losing money, and very coolly by the winners.

So far as the guests went, the supper was a success. There was just the amount of confusion which gives a picnic flavor to a meal, and which seems an invaluable stimulant of animal spirits. Mr. Lowther's visitors enjoyed themselves immensely, and the party was becoming boisterous in its gaiety, when the door was opened and Francis Tredethlyn walked in.

Harcourt Lowther pushed away the Moselle case, which was now only filled with tumbled straw and empty bottles, and called for a chair, which was edged into a corner at the host's right hand.

"You'll have some supper Tredethlyn?"

"You needn't order anything more—for me. I shan't eat supper to-night," was the reply.

The Cornishman's colorless face and disordered hair and dress might have suggested the idea that he had been drinking; but there was an inscrutable something in that white face which was not compatible with drunkenness. Harcourt Lowther looked at him nervously. The marital quarrel had come off, evidently, and Francis took matters very seriously.

"Come, Mr. Troublefeast," cried the host, "we're not going to stand this sort of thing, you know. We'll have no statue of the commander stalking in upon us in the midst of our fun—without Mozart. What the deuce is the matter with you, dear boy? Roderick, pass that tankard this way, will you? Take a long dip into that, old fellow, and come up bright again."

Mr. Lowther struck his small white hand lightly upon his friend's shoulder as he concluded. Francis had dropped into the place offered to him, and sat there looking like nothing but the commander in his stony rigidity of face and figure. As Harcourt Lowther's hand alighted on his shoulder, he started every one by throwing it deliberately away from him.

"I have had enough of your friendship, thank you," he said; "henceforward, if we are to be anything at all to each other, I had rather we should be foes—I may have better luck perhaps that way."

"Tredethlyn! are you drunk, or mad?"

"Neither; but I have been both, for I have trusted you. You needn't ask me what I mean," said Francis, interrupting Harcourt Lowther's exclamation by a rapid gesture of his uplifted hand. "I am going to tell you, and very plainly. Gentlemen, you are going to listen to a song just now; have you any objection to hearing a story instead? There will be time for your ballad afterwards, you know, Philcote. My story is not a long one."

"Sing your song, Philcote," said Harcourt Lowther, resolutely, "we want no stories—we've no time for twaddle of that sort. Let's have a good song or two, and then we'll go into the next room for a rubber."

"Let's have the story first and the 'Last Rose' afterwards," suggested some one. "Fire away, Tredethlyn; your audience have supped luxuriously, and are in good humor."

"I daresay it's a common story enough in your set, Boystock," answered Francis; "but it isn't a long one. It is the story of a man who was lifted one day from poverty to wealth, and found himself all at once alone in a world as strange to him as if he had been transported out of this planet into another inhabited by a different species."

"Egad," muttered Mr. Boystock, "I wish somebody would transport me."

"Ah, it isn't likely, old fellow, in that way," murmured his neighbor.

"For some time the country-bred cub—he was country-bred, and what you would call a cub—got on well enough. He floundered into a few mistakes, and he floundered out of them, after his own ignorant fashion. I think there is a Providence for such men, as there is for drunkards, and so long as they stagger along alone, they come to very little grief. He did a great many silly things with his money, I daresay; but I think he once did a generous thing—though God knows, in doing it, he only followed the blind impulse of his undisciplined heart as ignorantly as if he had been some blundering Newfoundland dog that pulls the mistress he loves out of the water where he sees her drowning. His wealth prospered with him, though he had cared little enough for it when it fell into his hands. By means of it he was able to save the woman he loved from a great trouble; and in her boundless gratitude for the service which he valued so lightly, she abandoned herself to the purest impulse that ever stirred a noble breast, and offered him her hand. If he had been generous or wise, he would have refused the hand which could not give him a heart. He was only—in love. Selfishly, stupidly, he seized the proffered sacrifice; too besotted in his blind passion to perceive that it was a sacrifice."

"The country-bred cub was still fresh to the intoxication of his fancied happiness, when a man who had been familiar with him in his poverty, came from the distant part of the world, where they had met and known each other, and offered to be his friend. The cub's ignorance of life was so complete that he did not know it was possible for a man who bore her majesty's commission, and called himself a gentleman, to be a liar and a villain. He trusted his old acquaintance implicitly, and accepted him as a friend—believing still, in his boorish ignorance, that there was such a thing as friendship, or, at the worst, an honorable good fellowship between honest men. His friend did not tell him that he had been the engaged lover of the woman the boor was going to marry, and when the young couple began their new life, he planted himself in their house; and his first act was to shut the husband from the home whose dingiest room was a paradise, so long as it was sanctified by the presence of an idolized wife. Will any one at this table guess the plot which the boor's friend hatched against him in the hour when their hands first met in friendship? I think not. The gentleman—polished, well-born, highly educated—allowed the country cub to marry the woman he loved, reserving to himself the hope of marrying her, enriched by the cub's money, when the cub was dead. This once arranged, there was only one thing more to be settled, and that was the cub's life. Unluckily he was a brawny six-foot fellow, with the constitution of a prize-fighter. But then prize-fighters are not always long-lived. The gentleman resolved that the boor should drink himself to death."

"Is this the plot of a French novel?" asked Roderick superciliously, after a brief silence, in which Francis Tredethlyn had paused to take breath; "if it is, you had better tell us the title of the book, and let us read it in the original. There may be some chance of our thinking it interesting then."

"There are shameful things done out of novels as well as in them, Mr. Lowther," answered Francis. "What I am telling you is the truth. The gentleman took the wealthy boor under his protection, and from that hour the cub's mind and the cub's body began to wither under the influence of a vice, which, of himself, he held in abhorrence, but which, in the dull indifference of a man who has no hope to elevate him, no aim to strive for, he was weak enough to accept as the cure for all his troubles. What did it matter how many glasses of brandy he drank, or how often he staggered across his dreary threshold in the early morning, stupefied by foul gas-lit atmosphere and bad wines? His friend took care to remind him that there was no one to be sorry for his misdeeds, or to rejoice in his repentance if he repented. He could not sink so low that his wife would be affected by his degradation; he could not rise so high that she would be proud of his elevation. His friend dinned the bitter truth into the wretch's ear. The beautiful young wife despised him; the wealth that other men envied was useless to him, except in its power to buy the oblivion of the brandy-bottle. From the hour in which his well-born friend took him under his protection, the boor never did a generous action, or heard a noble sentiment; and he very rarely went home sober. He was drinking himself to death as fast as a strong man can, when Providence took compassion on him, and gave him a duty to fulfill. A helpless girl, his kinswoman, was thrown across his path, and all at once he found himself of use in the world. From that moment his friend's scheme was overthrown. Good-bye to the brandy-bottle and the bad wines! The boor had a friendless woman dependent on his protection, and he had something to live for. He determined to sink the past, bid farewell to the wife whose affection he was unable to win, turn his back upon the circle he had lived in, and the people who had known

him, and finish his days honestly among honest men."

"So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber," exclaimed Mr. Boystock. "It's a very good story, I daresay, but *apropos* to what?" demanded the gentleman, looking at Harcourt Lowther with a malicious twinkle in his little black eyes. "I don't see the connection with the proverbial *bottes*. What does it all mean?"

"It means, gentlemen, that I am the boor who has been the dupe of a villain, and will be so no longer; and the name of the villain is Harcourt Lowther."

There was a moment's silence, followed by a sudden smashing of glass. A pair of small sinewy white hands fastened cat-like upon Francis Tredethlyn's throat, and he and Harcourt Lowther were grappling each other in a fierce struggle. It was very long since the gentleman had been weak enough to get into a passion. He had sat as still as a statue while the Cornishman set forth his indictment, waiting to see how completely he had failed; and now he knew that his plot, so deliberately laid, so patiently carried out, was only a bungling business after all—for the man *must* have bungled who fails so utterly—Mr. Lowther lost his head all in a moment, and abandoned himself to a sudden access of rage, that reduced him to the level of a wounded tiger.

It was scarcely with Francis that he was angry. What did it matter how this man spoke of him or thought of him? It was against himself—against his own failure—that Harcourt Lowther's fury was raging; only, like all fury of that kind, it was ravenous for vengeance of some sort. It was only for about twenty seconds that his claws were fastened on Francis Tredethlyn's throat. A Cornish heavy-weight is not exactly the kind of person for a delicately-built Sybarite to wrestle with very successfully.

"We are rather celebrated for this sort of thing in my country," Mr. Tredethlyn muttered between his set teeth, as he loosened Harcourt Lowther's grasp from his throat, and hurled him in a kind of bundle to a corner of the room, where he fell crashing down amongst the ruins of a dumb-waiter, half-buried under a chaos of broken bottles and lobster shells.

Roderick Lowther would have sprung upon his brother's foe in the next minute, but the other men hustled round him and hemmed him in.

"Don't you see the fellow's a Hercules?" cried one of them; "let him alone, Lowther."

"Let me go," roared the diplomatist, "I know my brother's a false-hearted rascal, but I won't stand by and see a Lowther played at ball with by any boor in Christendom. Let me get at him, Boystock, or I shall hurt you." But Francis had walked quietly to the door, and turning, with his hand upon the lock, waited for a moment's pause in the confusion before he spoke.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you are witnesses that your friend attacked me. I have no quarrel with Mr. Roderick Lowther; and as I am the bigger man of the two, there would be no credit for either him or me in a scuffle between us. If Harcourt Lowther wants to see me, he will be able to find me any time this week at the Grand Hotel, Covent Garden; after this week I shall sail for South America by the first packet that leaves for Liverpool."

He paused a second time. There was no answer. The diplomatist had thought better of his thirst for fraternal retribution.

#### POLITICAL ASSASSINATION.

THE Queen of England: Queen Victoria can count four attempts on her life. On June 28, 1850, she received a violent blow with a stick from one Robert Pate, a retired lieutenant of the 10th hussars. The King of Prussia: In May, 1850, the late King of Prussia received, as he was mounting a railway carriage, a shot from a holster pistol of large bore, in the forearms; the assassin, Seifelge, of Wetzlow, cried out as he fired; "Liberty for ever!" The life of the present King of Prussia was in danger at Baden, on the morning of July 14, 1861. Two pistol shots were fired at him by Oscar Becker, a law student of Leipzig. The regicide declared that he wished to kill the King because he was not capable of effecting the unity of Germany. The Emperor of Austria: On February 18, 1853, at Vienna, Francis Joseph I was struck with a knife in the nape of the neck. The murderer's name was Libeny, of Albe, in Hungary, aged 20, resident at Vienna, and a tailor by trade. The Duke of Parma: On March 20, 1854, Ferdinand Charles III, Duke of Parma, returning from an excursion, was hustled by an individual who at the same time stabbed him in the abdomen, left the poignard in the wound, and subsequently escaped. The Duke expired in cruel torture at the end of 23 hours. The Queen of Spain (a second attempt): On May 28, 1856, as Queen Isabella was passing in her carriage along the Rue de l'Arsenal, at Madrid, a young man named Raymond Fuentes drew a pistol from his pocket, and would have discharged it at her head had not his arm been caught and his weapon taken from him by an agent of the police. The King of Naples: On December 8, 1856, whilst Ferdinand II was reviewing his troops at Naples, a soldier named Agostino Milano struck him with his bayonet, and, at a later period Garibaldi honored the memory of the regicide. Napoleon III: In October, 1852, when Napoleon, who was on the eve of becoming Emperor, was at Marseilles, there had been prepared an infernal machine, formed by 250 gun barrels charged with 1,500 balls, intended to go off all at once against the Prince and his *cortege*. But the attempt was not carried out. On July 5, 1853, a fresh attempt was made to assassinate him as he was going to the Opera Comique. Twelve Frenchmen were arrested as concerned in the conspiracy. On April 26, 1855, Jean Liverani fired two shots at the Emperor in the Grand Avenue of the Champs Elysées. In 1857, Thibaldi, Bartolotti and Grilli, came from England to Paris to assassinate the Emperor, but were discovered, arrested, tried and punished. On January 14, 1858, Orsini, Gomes, Pieri and Rudio, threw their murderous shells at the Emperor of the French, and shed the blood of a great number of honest citizens in Paris. On December 24, 1863, Greco, Trabucco, Imperatore and Scaglioni, who had come over from London with the intention of killing the French Emperor, were arrested in Paris. The Queen of Greece: On September 18, 1862, the Queen of Greece, directing public affairs during the King's absence, was returning from a ride on horseback, when she was fired at without effect, near the palace, by Aristide Donato, a student, aged 19 years. Victor Emmanuel II: In 1858, an attempt was made on the life of this sovereign, and Count Cavour gave an account of it in the sitting of April 15. President Lincoln: On April 14, 1865, at Ford's theatre, Washington, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America, was assassinated by Booth.



REV. THOS. ARMITAGE, PASTOR OF THE FIFTH AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH, CORNER OF FIFTH AVENUE AND 46TH STREET, NEW YORK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

**REV. THOMAS ARMITAGE, D.D.**

We present in this number the portrait of the Rev. Thomas Armitage, D.D., rector of the Fifth Avenue Baptist church, at the intersection of 46th street and 5th avenue, New York. Dr. Armitage was born in England in 1819, and came to America in 1838, at the age of 19 years. He is a scion of the old Armitage stock, which sprung from Sir John Armitage, of Bensley, England, who was made a baron by Charles I. in 1640.

The mother of Dr. Armitage was an exceedingly pious woman of the Methodist persuasion, who died when he

was six years of age, making it an especial prayer that her eldest son Thomas "might be converted, and become a good minister of the gospel of Christ."

Dr. Armitage may be justly considered one of the most eminent divines in this country. He is of medium height, well-proportioned, erect figure and bright hazel eyes, which convey an expression of mingled intelligence and kindness. There are few men of more possessing powers of mind and speech. He fascinates strangers and delights friends. The heart and mind fall at once under the influence of his impulsive, generous warmth of manner, and of his kindly, just and

FIFTH AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH, CORNER OF FIFTH AVENUE AND 46TH STREET, NEW YORK,  
REV. DR. ARMITAGE, PASTOR.

liberal sentiments. He stands to the gaze a polished gentleman, and he wins his way to your esteem and affection by exalted worthiness as a man.

**The Fifth Avenue Baptist Church.**

This edifice owned by the society formerly known as the Norfolk street Baptist Church was dedicated on the 18th ultimo. The church and lecture-room buildings occupy an area of 85 by 100 feet, 62 by 100 feet of which is covered by the church edifice proper.

The interior of main building is constructed with side aisles, cloister columns, and spacious clear story 50 feet high, the ceiling of which is lighted by 14 tracery and stained-glass windows, giving a very pleasing effect. The clear story and aisle ceilings are richly finished, with groined arches, heavy rib mouldings, etc., and the entire interior is laid out in blocks, in imitation of stone, and colored gray, three tints. The general style, and the absence of side galleries, present an elegant and cathedral-like appearance.

The lecture-room building is two stories high, the first story being used for lecture-room, committee-room, pastor's and robing-rooms, the whole communicating with the church auditorium in the rear. The second story is used exclusively for Sunday-school purposes.

The edifice, which is gothic in style, was built from designs prepared by Messrs. D. & J. Jardine, architects, 1261 Broadway, and under their supervision.

**LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP GOLDEN RULE.**

THE steamship Golden Rule, belonging to the Central American Transit Company line of California steamers via Nicaragua, left New York May 22d, with 535 passengers, and a crew of 100 all told, for San Juan (Greytown). Everything proceeded favorably until the afternoon of the 29th, when the weather became very dark and squally with torrents of rain, which continued through the night. On the morning of May 30, at 2:30, the ship struck on Roncador reef, in the Caribbean sea, in latitude 13° 33', longitude 80° 04', and in 30 minutes she bilged. About two minutes before the ship struck, the reef was seen, the helm was put hard-a-starboard; the engines stopped, and had made a half-turn back when she struck. Every exertion was made to save the ship, but she came broadside on the reef. At the same time, the engineer reported the breaking of the main steampipe, and the water gaining very fast. The boats were immediately lowered and brought under the lee-side of the ship.

The masts were cut away; and the ship's company at once commenced building rafts for the safety of the passengers and crew. During the day there was a high breeze from the southward with heavy rain squalls and a very heavy swell which completely broke over the ship. In the afternoon Roncador island, about six miles distant from the wreck, was discovered by Mr. Underhill, Chief Engineer, who visited it, and reported it to be some 12 acres in extent, without shrubbery of any kind and uninhabited, except by birds and land crabs.

On the night of the 31st, the ship commenced to break up; and from that time until June 5, the crew were entirely engaged in securing provisions, stores, baggage, mattresses, blankets, etc.

The work of transportation was accomplished without the loss of life.

About half of the baggage and stores was saved, the latter in a very bad condition. At 1, P. M., June 2, a boat was despatched in charge of second officer, Mr. Reid, with the purser, Mr. Rogers, to Aspinwall, 250 miles distant, for assistance.

After being 11 days on the island the passengers and crew of the ill-fated vessel were rescued by the United States gunboats Huntsville and the State of Georgia, which were sent from Aspinwall to their relief. They reached the isthmus on Sunday, the 11th ultimo, all in good health, and were forwarded at once to San Francisco by the steamer America.

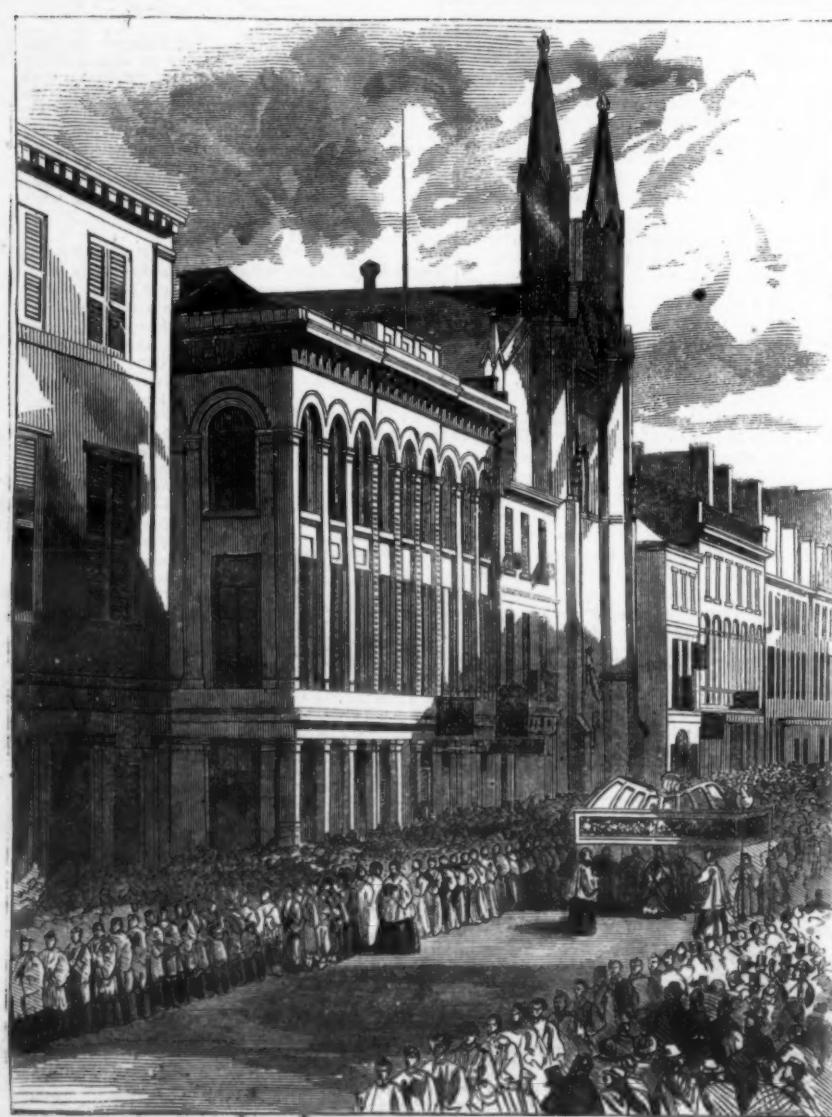
The loss of the Golden Rule appears to have been purely accidental, the ship being carried off her course by strong currents.



ARCHBISHOP TURGEON, OF QUEBEC, CANADA.  
FROM A PHOT. BY SMEATON.

**THE MANSION HOUSE, LONG BRANCH, N. J.**

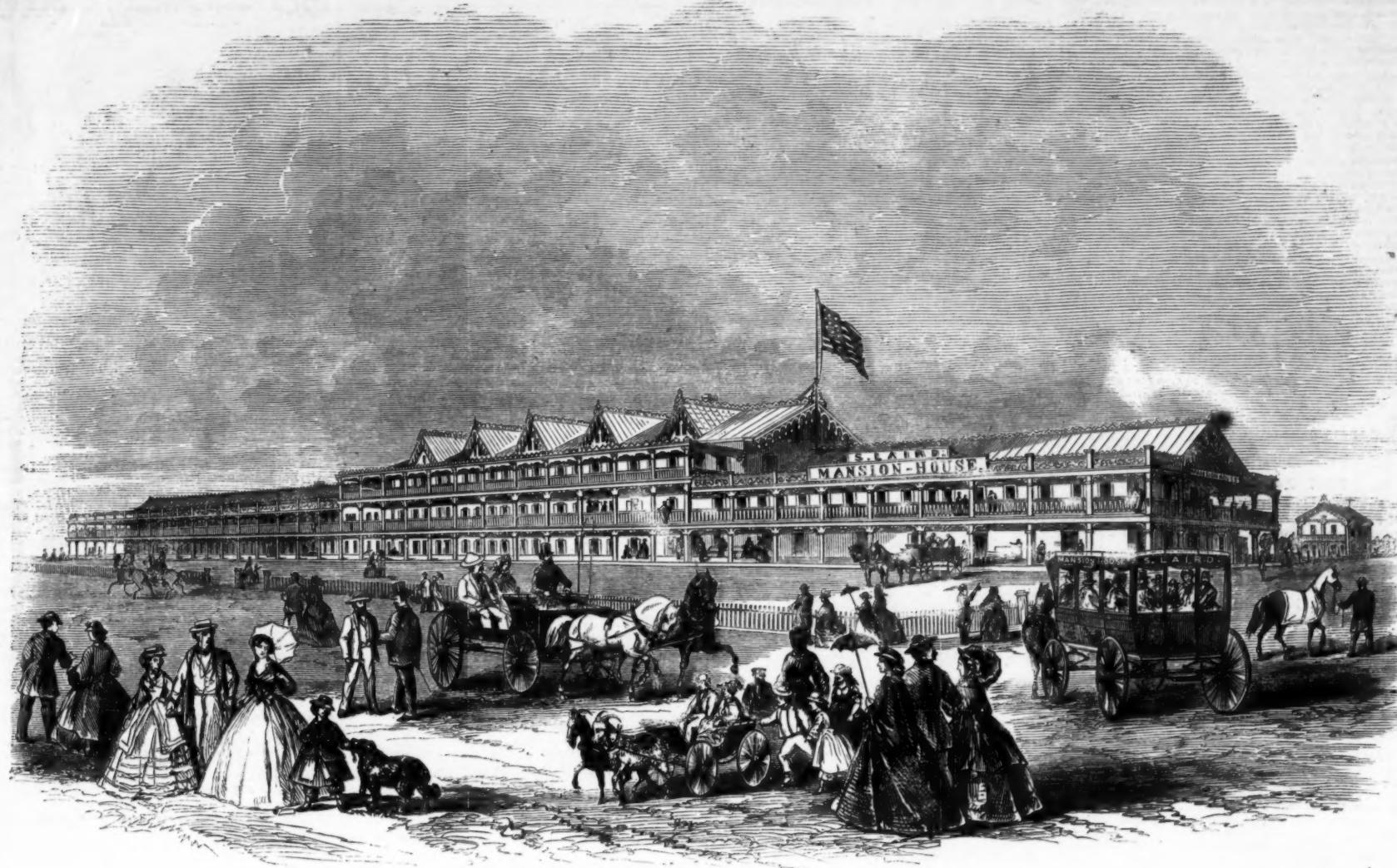
AMONG the fashionable Summer Hotels of our great Republic, the Mansion House, Long Branch



CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSION PASSING THE AMERICAN CHURCH, MONTREAL, C. E.



PARISH CHURCH, QUEBEC.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH  
BY SMEATON.



OUR SUMMER WATERING PLACES.—LAIRD'S MANSION HOUSE, LONG BRANCH, NEW JERSEY.

occupies a prominent position, not only on account of the spaciousness of the building, the airiness and comfort of the rooms, the healthfulness of the spot and the beauty of the location, but for that genial air of home which the proprietor, Mr. Laird, throws over it. Our engraving is so accurate, that it relieves us from the trouble of describing the exterior of the building. We shall, therefore, confine our remarks to the dining-room, which is one of the most spacious in this country.

Our readers may get some idea of its size, when we state that its dimensions are 120 feet by 80, and that it will seat over 550 persons. This model dining-room has also the unspeakable advantage of being so situated that the sun cannot reach it, a fact which can be fully appreciated in summer. It is also most admirably ventilated from the roof, with Miller's patent ventilator. All these advantages make it indisputably one of the coolest and pleasantest dining-rooms in the United States. Having already borne our tribute of acknowledgment to the courteous and liberal proprietor, we trust the hostess, Mrs. Laird, will excuse us if we add that she is the greatest attraction of the house, making, by her winning and lady-like manners, her guests, more especially the fairer portion of them, feel like old friends.

Mr. Laird, like all those "who really know how to keep a hotel," has selected able assistants, such as

Messrs. Tater and Fletcher, and Mr. Allen, the steward, one of the most judicious of providers.

Long Branch is so easy of access, and the trip there and back is so pleasant and invigorating, that we know of no other sea resort so admirably adapted for our citizens, as Laird's Mansion House.

#### POMPEIAN SKELETONS.

ABOUT two years ago, in a small street, the workmen employed in the excavations discovered an empty space of an unusual form, in which were some skeletons. Before disturbing them they called Signor Fiorelli, who was fortunately at hand. A singularly happy thought struck him. He had the empty space filled with liquid plaster of Paris, and repeated the process in the case of some other openings which presented a similar appearance. As soon as the plaster was hardened, the surrounding ashes were carefully removed, and displayed the perfect casts of four human bodies. All four are now placed in the Museum, and a more singular and affecting sight is perhaps not to be seen in the whole world. The plaster was hardened around the ashes so perfectly in the shape of what may be termed the mould formed by the falling ashes round the living bodies, that the whole aspect of the dying

frame is preserved, even to the minutest details, except

that here and there the bones of the skeleton within are partially uncovered. M. Monnier contrasts them with Egyptian mummies, which are brown, black and hideous, and arranged in an artificial posture for their burial, while in the exhumed Pompeians we see human beings in the very act of dying.

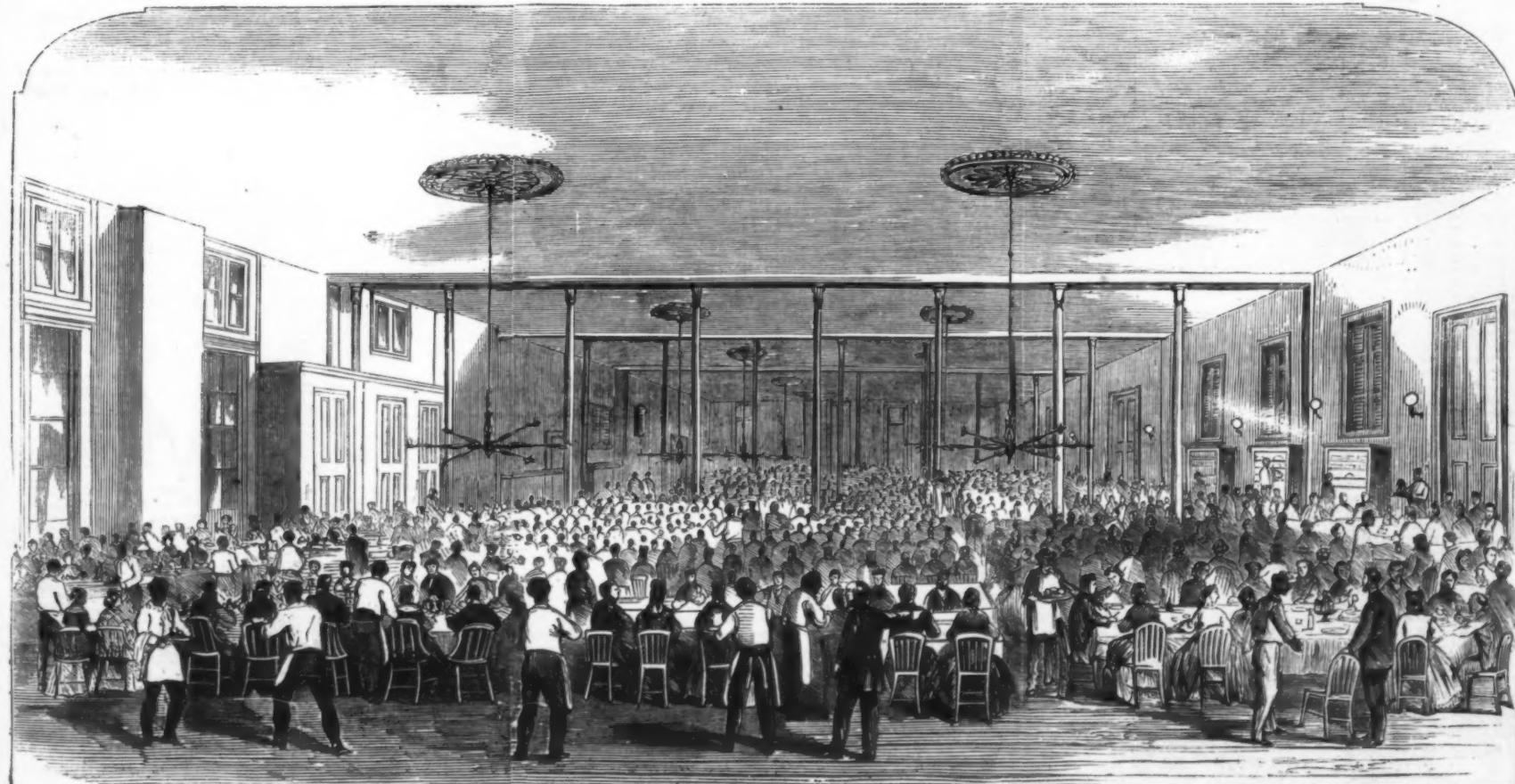
One of them is the body of a woman, close to whom were found a large number of coins, two silver vases, some keys and some jewels, which she was carrying with her when the falling scoria arrested her flight. It is easy to trace her head-dress and the material of her clothing; and on one of her fingers are two silver rings. Her hands were so clasped in agony that the nails had pierced the flesh. With the exception of her legs, the whole body is swollen and contracted; it is plain that she strove violently in her dying struggle. Her attitude, says M. Monnier, is that of the last agony, and not that of death. Behind her lay another woman and a girl, evidently of humble rank. The elder of the two, possibly the mother, has an iron ring on one of her fingers. The signs of a dying struggle are evident, but the death seems to have been easier than in the case of the victim last described. Close to her lies the girl, almost a child in age. The details of her dress are preserved with a startling faithfulness. One can see the material and stitching of her frock, the unbound rents in her long sleeves, her dress over her head, to ward off the torrent of ashes, and falling headlong on her face had rested her head on one of her arms, and so died apparently without a struggle.

The fourth body is that of a large and powerful man who had set down to die with his arms and legs straight

and fixed. His dress is completely preserved; his trousers are close, his sandals are laced to the feet, with nails in their soles. On one finger is an iron ring; his mouth is open, and shows that he had lost some of his teeth; his nose and cheeks are strongly marked; the eyes and the hair have disappeared, but the moustache remains. The whole sight is tragic to the last degree. After the lapse of 18 centuries the terrible death seems to be enacting itself before us with all its appalling sufferings.

We may add what M. Monnier does not seem to be aware of, that stereoscopic views were taken of the bodies, and that we have seen them in London. The minute details which the actual plaster casts present, are, of course, less visible, even with all the reproducing powers of the stereoscope; but enough is to be discerned to suggest all the terrors of the dying moments.

**GAMBLING IN CHINA.**—The Chinese are passionately addicted to gambling, and the endless variety of the games of chance in common use among them does credit to their ingenuity and invention, for it is not likely that they have learned anything from their neighbors. The respectable merchant, who devotes the hours of daylight assiduously to his business, sparing no labor in adjusting trifling items of account, will win or lose thousands of dollars over night with the greatest complacency. Every grade of society is imbued with the passion. I have amused myself by watching the coolies



DINING ROOM OF LAIRD'S MANSION HOUSE, LONG BRANCH, NEW JERSEY.

in the streets of Tien-kin, gambling for their dinner. The itinerant cooks carry with them, as part of the wonderful epitome of a culinary establishment, with which they perambulate the streets, a cylinder of bamboo, containing a number of sticks, on which are inscribed certain characters. These mystic symbols are shaken up in the tube; the candidate for hot dumpling draws one, and according to the writing found on it so does he pay for his repast. So attractive is gambling in any form to the Chinese, that a Tien-kin coolie will generally prefer to risk paying double for the remote chance of getting a meal for nothing. On one occasion I volunteered to act as proxy for a hungry coolie, who was about to try his luck. The offer was accepted with eagerness, and I was fortunate enough to draw my constituent a dinner for nothing. I was at once put down as a professor of the black art, and literally besieged by a crowd of others, all begging me to do them a similar favor, which, of course, I prudently declined. Had I indeed been successful a second time, the dispenser of the tempting morsels would certainly have protested against my interference as an invasion of his prerogative, which is to win, and not to lose. The Chinese gamblers are, of course, frequently ruined by the practice. They become desperate after a run of ill-luck; every consideration of duty and interest is sunk, and they play for stakes which might have startled even the Russian nobles, who used to gamble for *serfs*. In the last crisis of all, a dose of opium settles all accounts pertaining to this world. In games of skill the Chinese are no less accomplished. Dominoes, draughts, chess, and such like, are to be seen in full swing at every tea-house, where the people repair to while away the evening. The little groups one sees in these places exhibit intense interest in their occupation; the victory is celebrated by the childlike exultation of the winner, and any pair of Chinese draughts players may have sat for Wilkie's celebrated picture.

## FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

SIR FLETCHER NORTON was noted for his want of courtesy. When pleading before Lord Mansfield, on some question of manorial right, he chanced to say: "My lord, I can illustrate the point in an instant in my own person; I myself have two little maids."

The judge immediately interposed, with one of his blandest smiles, "We all know it, Sir Fletcher."

Why should there be more marriages in winter than summer? Because in winter the gentlemen require comforters and the ladies muffs.

At a debating society a wheelwright was said to be the best spokesman.

Why are ladies who ride in railway carriages reserved "for ladies only" never in time? Give it up? Then I'll tell you. It is because ladies' trains are always behind.

An old gentleman accused his servant of having stolen his stick. The man protested perfect innocence.

"Why," rejoined his master, "the stick could never have walked off with itself."

"Certainly not, sir; unless it was a walking-stick."

"Ike," said Mrs. Partington, "how do they find out the difference between the earth and the sun?"

"Oh," said the young hopeful, "they calculate a quarter of the distance, and then multiply by four."

An itinerant preacher, who rambled in his sermons, when requested to stick to his text, replied, "That scattering shot would hit the most birds."

"How is it," said one miss to another, "that John's never afraid, and I am?"

"Because he's got a Roman nose, and feels safe. Don't you remember how we read that it has always been said that a *Roman knows*—no danger?"

A man who had brutally assaulted his wife was brought before Justice Cole, of Albany, lately, and had a good deal to say about "getting justice."

"Justice!" replied Cole, "you can't get it here; this court has no power to hang you."

A few days since a fellow was tried for stealing a wood saw. The culprit said he only took it in a joke. The justice asked how far he had carried it, and was answered about two miles. That is carrying the joke too far, said the magistrate, and committed the prisoner.

A NEGRO, who had learned to read at Hilton Head, wishing to give some of his acquaintances, who had never seen a book, an idea of it, said: "Reading is the power of hearing with the eyes instead of the ears."

A man who courts a young woman in the starlight probably expects to get a wife in a twinkling.

Why are books our best friends? Because, when they bore you, you can always shut them up without offence!

"I say, Pat," said a Yankee, "why don't you sue the railroad corporation for the damages you have received? Both your legs broken all to smash. Sue them for damages."

"Sue them for damages, eh, boy? I have had damages enough already; I'll sue them for repairs."

WHAT is that which a man may have never possessed, and yet leave behind him?—A will.

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**NEW YORK GIFT ASSOCIATION**,  
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100 Silver Fruit and Cake Baskets..... 15 to 35  
500 Sets Silver Tea and Table Spoons..... 15 to 30  
100 Gold Hunting-case Watches..... 75 to 150  
150 Diamond Rings..... 50 to 200  
200 Gold Watches..... 60 to 100  
200 Ladies' Gold Watches..... 60 to 85  
500 Silver Watches..... 25 to 50

Diamond Pins, Gold Bracelets, Cora', Florentine Mosaic, Jet, Lava and Cameo Ladies' Sets, Gold Pens, with Gold and Silver Extension Holders, Shoe Buttons, Sets of Studs, Neck Chains, Vest Chains, Plain and Chased Gold Rings, Gold Thimbles, Lockets, Silver Baskets and **FINE JEWELLERY** of every description, of the best make and latest styles, valued at \$50,000!

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NO BLANKS.—Every purchaser gets value. Parties dealing with us may depend on having prompt returns, and the article drawn will be immediately sent to any address by return mail or express. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. Six Certificates for \$1; thirteen for \$2.

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Patented May 13, 1862; improvement patented June 9, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, a most Wonderful and Elegantly Constructed Novelty; in NOISELESS operation, uses the STRAIGHT NEEDLE, sews with DOUBLE or SINGLE THREAD. Makes the Running Stitch more perfect and regular than by hand, and with extraordinary rapidity. Will Gather, Hem, Ruffle, Shirr, Tuck, Run up Breadths, &c., &c.; requires no Lubricator or Change of Stitch—is NOT LIABLE TO GET OUT OF ORDER, and will last a LIFETIME.

"For the Dressmaker it is invaluable; for the Household it supplies a vacant place."—*Godey's Ladies' Book*.

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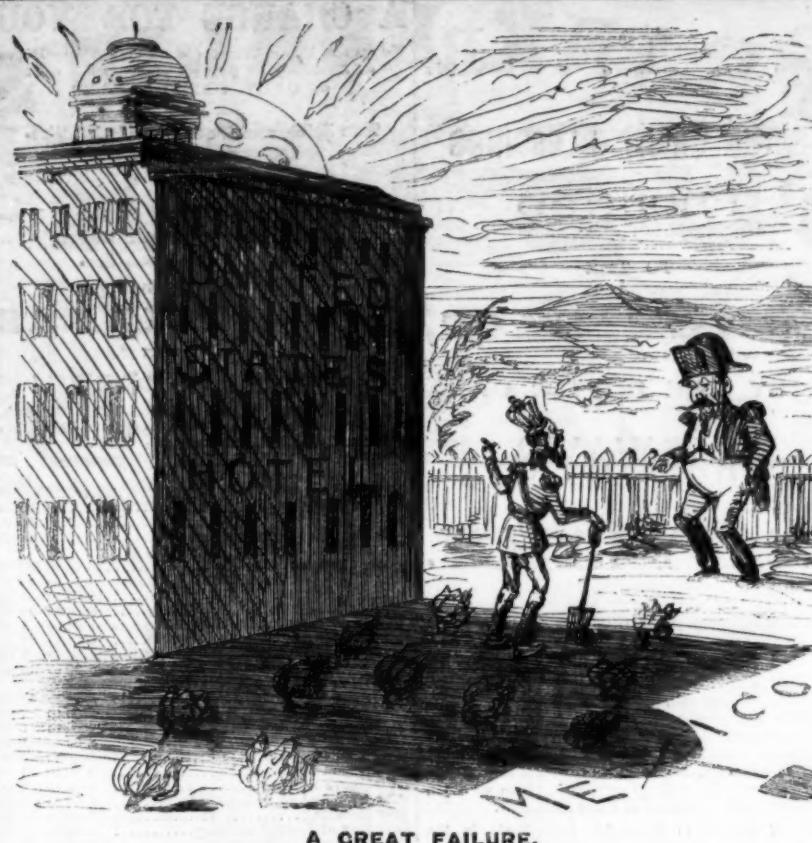
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LITTLE MAX—“Mein goot frant, de black shadow of dat big hotel dere will not let mon cabbage patch grow.”

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